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A DREAM OF LOVE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

PART I.

"Amyce!"

My grand uncle interrupted me in the concluding paragraph of the Parliamentary debate which I had been reading aloud to him for the last hour.

"Amyce, tell Butterworth to have the Alcove room prepared for to-morrow—I expect company."

Never before in my short life had such a direction been given to me, and I dropped the "Times" in astonishment, and glanced inquiringly up in the old man's face. If I had not stood in habitual awe of him, I should have poured forth a throng of eager questions.

We were sitting together in the old library at Cloyse Towers; my great uncle, Sir John Cloyse, a shrivelled, yellow-skinned old man, with prominent features and beady black eyes, crouching into the corner of the old-fashioned, high-backed chair which stood close to the fender; and I,—a sandy-haired girl, whose pallid face and gray eyes laid little claim to admiration,—only separated from him by a small round table on which rested a pair of ponderous silver candlesticks.

I had been brought up at Cloyse Towers, and I was reputed to be its heiress. My great uncle had voluntarily adopted me when, a puling, miserable infant, I was sent home from India on my parent's death. In childhood I had been submitted to the guardianship of old Mrs. Butterworth, the housekeeper, a trusty, kind-hearted dame, who had been for many years at the head of the establishment, and even older than my uncle, was wont to regard him with a maternal affection that was often ludicrous and sometimes touching. She was a good old soul, blithe as a lark, and, despite her fourscore years, as active as a young girl. I believe she loved me better than all the world beside, saving and excepting her master, and to him she was literally devoted.

He was a strange man—shy, reserved, gloomy, misanthropical, and, since of late years he had been incapacitated by severe attacks of rheumatic gout, subject to fits of nervous irritability which were peculiarly distressing to himself and all around him. I scarcely know how I should have endured life in that melancholy old house, and subjected to so many depressing influences, had it not been for the sunny disposition of Nurse Butterworth. She could not indeed entirely remove the clouds which separated me from my uncle, but she lightened them, over and over again, by recitals of his love and affection for me—love and affection felt, she said, for he was not a man to *show* warm feelings to any one, and I am sure she kept up his interest in me by sedulously repeating every anecdote which redounded to my credit, and by minutely describing every promising trait in my character. What sunshine I had had in my life had been flung on it by that dear old woman. From the days she used to devise dolls' feasts, and send for the little Carmichaels from the Vicarage to share them with me,—herself making peace with my uncle when he discovered the intruders, and vowed that he wouldn't have a host of other people's nasty brats bothering in his house, and leading me into mischief,—to yesterday, when she had despatched the garden-boy into the nearest town to change a novel for me at the library, old Butterworth had been my firmest and best friend.

I had had governesses without end and at fabulous salaries, but none of them ever found their way to my heart in the same manner; perhaps they never stayed long enough to make themselves beloved. One after another they had left, wearied out by the dullness and monotony of life at Cloyse Towers. The school-room was up-stairs, and looked out on the court-yard; no visitors came near the house and we were allowed to go nowhere, not even to walk beyond the grounds. On Sundays, we sat in a high, square pew surrounded by curtains, which it was a capital offence to displace; we always went to church early to escape the throng of people, and came away again after the village congregation had dispersed. At home we were left entirely to ourselves; my uncle avoided the sight of every stranger; I rarely shared a meal with him during the governesses' reign, and he never came near the school room, or if he accidentally encountered the governess, he would turn off into the nearest room to avoid her.

One very smartly-dressed Frenchwoman, who lived for six months in the house, never saw him but once, and that once was merely a passing glimpse through the keyhole. But then he had a peculiar dislike to her and always took to flight on the first indications of her rustling garments. I have seen him stand with his hand for full ten minutes on the lock of the library door, listening intently before he would venture to go up-stairs, if he fancied she was about; and even when he did make the attempt, it was with nervous, hurried steps, and eager glaces from right to left. Indeed the suffering he experienced during her residence in the house was so unbearable, that he finally resolved to put a stop to it, by emancipating me from the school-room altogether; so Madame Defarge received an intimation that her services were no longer in demand, and I, a month after my seventeenth birthday, was elevated to the post of my uncle's companion, to a place at the head of his table, and the privilege of spending in his society the long, dreary hours which intervened between a six o'clock dinner and bedtime.

During the earlier portion of the day I was left very much to my own devices; I breakfasted and spent the morning alone, for he never appeared before luncheon time, when there was invariably some special excuse for grumbling over the basin of beef tea which formed his mid-day repast. The broth was either too hot or too cold, underseasoned or over-seasoned; or, failing the broth, the day or the fire was too hot or too cold, or there was an east wind, or I didn't take wine enough, I eat too many strawberries, or I sat crookedly in my chair and handled my fork ungracefully—to tell the honest truth, the sight of Uncle John's shaky form, descending the wide staircase with emphatic jerks, was no welcome vision to me, any more than the heavy pit-pat of his silver-headed cane on the marble pavement of the hall was an agreeable sound.

For he was not the sort of person to win the love and sympathy of a fellow-creature, least of all of an impulsive young girl, who was jealous of affection and easily repulsed by a rough tone. Many a time when I had been moped and miserable from long solitude, and had almost pined for the sight or sound of a human being, I had tried to get up some feeling of warmth or welcome for the old man, my only relative, who, in his turn, was nearly as friendless and lonely as myself. I had met him with a longing to fling myself on to his breast and kiss his wan, wrinkled face, to try if words of tenderness would break down the barriers of his reserve. But, alas! in vain; the impulse died out at the sound of his cantankerous voice; when he coldly extended his claw-like hand, mine dropped into it as nervelessly; nay, I generally retreated in alarm,—for was not even one glance at me sufficient to draw forth some disparaging comment upon my appearance? "Did I call my hair tidy? Were those crushed sleeves fit for a lady to wear? Another time, perhaps, I would oblige him by putting my collar straight, before I made my appearance in the dining-room!" Oh, heiress though I was, I think few penniless girls could have carried such a heavy, mortified, unblessed heart as I did many and many a time! What a relief it was to go and weep away all the sorrow and disappointment and yearning on Nurse Butterworth's loving breast, to have all the trouble soothed away by those kindly tones, which stood to me in place of the tender endearments of mother and brother!

"Amyce Cloyse," my uncle reiterated that spring evening, in a voice of angry displeasure, indicating, with the point of his cane, the unfortunate paper which I had let fall in the astonishment induced by his communication: "What is the meaning of all this? Cannot you listen to what I have to say with the composure of a lady? Lift up the 'Times,' if you please; that rustling is particularly disagreeable to me. And, good gracious, young lady, can't you bend more gracefully? What stooping, what a rounded back, what elbows! Do you know, Amyce Cloyse, your education has cost a fortune—*a fortune*, do you hear! And any reasonable creature would have thought that your governesses would at least have taught you how to pick up a newspaper from the floor without making a thousand contortions. I will have you ladylike; I don't expect you to be a beauty, that's hopeless; but with your expectations you must be ladylike, and you shall be! *Ladylike*,—what's a woman who isn't ladylike, she might as well be a housemaid! A ladylike woman can do anything; she's always in her place; if she makes mistakes she does so in a ladylike manner which glosses them over, or if she does well it is in the best manner possible—a pretty woman who isn't ladylike is nobody; a rich woman who isn't is worse, she's vulgar; but a ladylike woman, be she even poor, is in good taste, and be she rich, she's charming, perfect, fascinating—that's what you have to be, Amyce Cloyse!"

My uncle paused, for he was breathless with his exertions; his speech may be taken as a fair sample of one of my everyday persecutions. I listened to him at first with a shivering sensation, but at the conclusion I almost smiled. I saw a distorted reflection of myself on the polished base of the nearest candlestick. Think of any one expecting me to be fascinating!

Sir John's keen eyes rapidly detected the change in my countenance, but the expression somehow puzzled him. His wiry voice was doubly peevish as he inquired, "what I was grinning about now?"

Of course I colored up furiously; of course I hesitated for a reply. I was a stranger to equivocation or excuses, and there seemed to me no course but to tell the honest truth.

"Nothing, Uncle John, only it was so odd to think I could ever be fascinating—I—I'm too ugly."

"Ugly!" he shouted in the excited tone a mother might have used in defending her offspring.

Uncle John with a groan at his self-inflicted pain, pulled himself upright from the heap of shawls and pillows, and began blustering ferociously.

"Ugly; who says you are ugly? who dare say anything of the kind? You're not ugly, you've fine eyes, Cloyse eyes, and your complexion's good. If you'd only hold yourself properly, you'd be a striking-looking woman. Plague take 'em, who dare talk about your being ugly. I'll tell you what, Amyce Cloyse, you will have what would buy up half the pretty women in Christendom. I'll take care it does: *Ugly*, indeed!" and he bent forward indignantly and peered straight into my face.

I cannot say his excitement pained me now. If the color deepened on my cheek, it was only from pleasure at finding my looks a source of interest to any one. Surely Uncle John must care about me in some degree when he defended me so eagerly even from myself!

He was back again among the pillows grumbling and peevish; he had discovered that my white muslin dress was neither well made nor becoming, and he worked himself up into a rage because I did not pay more attention to my appearance.

"Where's Butterworth—ring for Butterworth. If you can't see after your own dress, others must do it for you. And yet Butterworth hasn't much taste." (Uncle John was doubtless thinking of old nurse's green merino and the yellow ribbons in her black cap.) "Is there no lady you could consult? I want particularly to have you look your best next week."

"I might ask Rose Carmichael."

"Rose Carmichael be hung! Amyce, I won't have you go near Rose Carmichael; she's a very objectionable girl, a great deal too pert and forward. I mistrust her, I always did. I don't like her great rolling black eyes; she's deep, I'm sure of it. You may believe me, for old dogs don't bark at nothing—I had rather see you in rags than decked off by Rose Carmichael!"

"Oh, Uncle John!"

I was as indignant as it is in my nature to be. Rose Carmichael was the only person whom I had ever accounted my friend. She was five years my senior: but for all that we had played together in childhood, that is to say, she had duly carried away the toys I was only too happy to give her, and she had been fonder of eating sweetmeats, saying affectionate things, and kissing people, than anyone I had ever met. Even now-a-days, she made a great many professions of love and regard which I believed to be genuine, and she came to Cloyse Towers whenever I could gain admittance for her, even venturing into my uncle's sitting-room on a pretence of messages from her father the rector, and striving to make herself popular with Sir John by unceasing efforts to please him. She offered to sing to him, to read to him, to arrange his cushions, to run his errands; she was always good tempered, obliging and charming; and being an exceedingly handsome woman, it was rather singular that she should be such an object of aversion to an old man. Are not old men generally flattered by the attentions of pretty girls? Be that as it may, Sir John took an invincible dislike to her, locked the library door when she was at hand, and all but forbade my receiving her. This had been one of the latest and bitterest grievances of my life.

"Ring for Butterworth," my uncle reiterated fiercely, and I hastily complied.

Ere the bell could be answered his tone changed, half shyly, half excusively! Very curiously he asked if I had any idea who the company was to be.

How could I, when never in my memory had a stranger crossed the threshold of the Towers?

For a minute or two he sat silent, strangely disregarding my negative, and I was almost disappointed, for I fancied by his manner he had been going to tell me something about the coming visitor. And even when he spoke again, it was on a topic apparently far removed from the subject in hand. He asked me if I remembered what I had been reading about.

I was caught. I had been getting through my task of *leading articles* in a monotonous, unthinking way, rendering the words slowly and clearly to suit my uncle's impaired hearing, but all the while secretly regaling myself with surmises regarding the fate of the *dramatis personæ* in the novel which I had in hand.

I stammered—hesitated—thought it was something about the beer question. Oh, dear, politics were never in my line.

But either my answer satisfied Sir John, or he paid no regard to it, for he pursued in an animated tone:

"You remember that fine speech, excellent speech it was, clear, concise, forcible reasoning, worthy of the first statesman going. You read it twice over to me, Amyce; you liked it, didn't you, my dear? Well, it was *his*, and take my word for it, he'll be a noted man one of these days. He's clever, promising, a deep thinker, observes keenly; you'll be proud to see him here, Amyce, and it will fall to you to entertain him, for an old man like myself can't do much. You must take the trouble off my hands, and make yourself very agreeable."

I sat in bewilderment. My poor old uncle's thoughts travelled far more rapidly than did his tongue. He evidently believed he had given me full explanations, whereas he had only imparted the fact of a visit from some public man, whose entertainment would devolve on me. I cannot say I felt comfortable under the disclosure. Not daring to ask further questions, I ran my eye down the columns of the "Times," endeavoring to decide which was the speech to which my uncle had referred. How I wished then that I had paid more attention to my reading!

Who could it be? Mr. Cobden's name was mentioned—could it be he? or Mr. Bright, perhaps? Or, let me see, who were people of note—Lord Palmerston? ah, but he could hardly be called a *rising* man—or was it?—but I paused, for the footman had summoned Mrs. Butterworth, and she was already in the doorway.

My uncle did not notice her low tap, and I had to attract his attention. Glancing hurriedly round and observing her, he suddenly grew confused and uncomfortable, fidgetted his poor rheumatic hands about, threw down his cane, wondered what she had come for or if anything was the matter.

I had to recall to him his own desire to consult her about my dress.

Oh, yes, he remembered; and he rambled off into childish abuse of my gown and hair-dressing; scolded Mrs. Butterworth about it, scolded me, and ended with a few weak tears because he said nobody cared for pleasing him and he never had things as he liked.

In the midst of all this, Nurse Butterworth had stolen round to the back of his chair and was busily arranging the pillows. It struck me that he shrunk from her eye and was unusually restless under her observation. He kept blustering on about this unfortunate muslin, and from time to time the old woman put in a soothing word.

"Yes, the frock wasn't a nice one. Miss Amyce should have something smarter for Sunday, there then; wasn't it almost bedtime?"

"No," he growled out, turning his back upon her, "he wasn't going to bed; he wasn't going to be ordered about like a child, and Amyce should have a proper dress before Sunday—she must have one by to-morrow."

"Well—well, we'll see about it, but hardly by to-morrow,—day after, mebbe."

"But it must be to-morrow. I will have her dressed properly with company in the house."

"Company?"

Nurse Butterworth stopped short and glanced with curiosity from me to him. She, even better than I, knew that her master had refused to see anyone for long and dreary years.

Poor old Uncle John drew the fold of a tartan shawl close to his face, and seemed inclined to cover himself up altogether. I wondered what there was in the mere word *company* to discompose him so strangely. In half compassion to him, as well as the half hope of enlightening Butterworth, I ventured to say that a gentleman was coming to-morrow, and that Uncle John wished her to see that the Alcove room was made ready for his reception.

"A gentleman," she enunciated slowly and dryly, "and can you tell me what his name is, Miss Amyce?"

"No, I don't think Uncle John said," I was replying, when with an effort, Uncle John himself dropped his tartan shawl, and still averting his face from the housekeeper, explained:

"You'll remember the name, Butterworth, it is Mr. Hedworth Charlton."

"So?" and the sound which the old woman's lips emitted was something between a whistle and a sigh.

Uncle John turned round quickly, and their eyes met. His dropped immediately, hers sparkled with intelligence; but the next moment she was saying something in her every-day voice about them new coals making a deal of nasty white ashes in the grates; and when we both directed our gaze to the fireplace, the old woman beat an unceremonious retreat from the room.

After she had left us my uncle leant back in his chair and closed his eyes, and, fancying that he had fallen asleep, I laid aside the "Times," and drew from under the heap of papers at my side a certain large-printed volume with "Mudie's" name on the cover, which I had concealed there when I heard his step in the hall after dinner. Like all young girls, I dearly loved a novel; but, having a shy conviction that this light kind of reading would scarcely be in accordance with my uncle's peculiar views, I carefully kept my studies from his observation. I should scarcely have ventured to bring out the book now, had I not firmly believed him to be unconscious, and, moreover, been myself extremely interested in the tale.

JENNIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILL. A. BURRITT.

There's a form before my vision—
There's a hand clasped in my own,
And a cheek with blushes laden,
Fairer than the rose o'erblown;
Or the tints within the sea shells,
On the sands of ocean strown.

There's an eye of softest azure
Gazing fondly into mine,—
There are matchless golden tresses
That my fingers would entwine,
And lips whose magic kisses
Thrilled me with a joy divine.

Jennie, once again we're toiling
Up the mountain's rugged steep,
Through the tunnel and the gorges
Where the foaming waters sweep—
Where the Cascadilla's waters
Down the rocky chasms leap.

From our dizzy heights we're gazing
On the falling flood below,
Through the clouds of mist arising,
White as any driven snow:
While you tremble with emotions,
Such as only poets know.

You are gazing on the grandeur
Lavish Nature hath displayed—
You are gazing up to heaven
As if the soul within you prayed;
And you seem a very angel
In your loveliness arrayed.

Pale and silent as a statue,
Save the faintest flush of red,
Mantling all your face and forehead,
Like the sky when the day is dead,
Or the mirrored moon in Autumn,
On the river's glossy bed.

You are murmuring, while I listen,
In your trembling monotone,
How your life from childhood ever
Like the river hurried on,
Seeking for a peaceful haven
Where no blighting tempests moan.

Nor would hush the unquiet torrent
Of your youthful life's unrest,
Till that eve when in the spring-time,
You lay sobbing on my breast;
And with tears and trembling accents,
All your love for me confessed!

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.—Prayer draws all the Christian graces into its focus. It draws charity, followed by her lovely train of forbearance with faults, forgiveness of injuries, pity for errors, and relieving of wants. It draws repentance, with her holy sorrows, her pious resolutions, her self-distrust. It attracts faith, with her elevated eye; hope, with her grasped anchor; beneficence, with her open hand; zeal, looking far and wide to serve; humility, with introverted eye, looking at home. Prayer, by quickening these graces in the heart, warms them into life, fits them for service, and dismisses each to its appropriate practice. Prayer is mental virtue; virtue is spiritual action. The mould into which genuine prayer casts the soul is not effaced by the suspension of the act, but retains some touches of the impression till the act is repeated.

Now, having once or twice glanced hastily up to assure myself he was sleeping, I luxuriously resigned myself to follow the adventures of my heroine.

About an hour passed away, and the silvery-voiced clock on the mantle piece arousing me to the fact of having already outstayed my usual bedtime, I closed the volume and turned round to my uncle's arm-chair.

To my surprise, he was wide awake, resting his chin on his hand, and gazing intently at me with his keen black eyes.

"What are you reading, Amyce?" he questioned, in a softer voice than it was his wont to employ, and his hand was out-stretched to receive the book.

I felt my cheeks burning, and instinctively my fingers folded tightly over the volume.

"Oh, Uncle John! you will think it such foolish reading."

"Why should I, Amyce? I've been young myself, and enjoyed a novel, too—come!" and I had no alternative but to resign the treasure.

He spread it open on his knees, turned over a page or two, I standing at his side in shame-faced confusion. There was no harm in the story, only I felt that he must be laughing at its sentimentality and love; and, weak and girlish, I could not endure ridicule.

But, to my relief and almost astonishment, he returned to the book with a half-sad smile, and laid his wizened hand upon mine with such a gesture of tenderness as he had never before granted me in his life.

"Poor little Amyce!" he said, "so you've come to the age of romance already, have you? Well, never mind. But don't be frightened of me, child; I don't mind your reading a good novel or two, it is a natural outlet for young feeling that is better evaporated. Better reading of love than thinking of it. But I flatter myself I've guarded you from that danger hitherto—eh?"

And in the feeble smile that flickered over the old man's face, I fancied I read self-complacency at having so sedulously protected me from dangerous acquaintance.

I returned the smile, for my heart was as clear as day, and unable to resist the impulse which his betrayal of affection had awakened, I bent down and gave him a far more hearty salute than was my customary Good-night kiss.

I suppose I took him by surprise. I scarcely knew whether or not I pleased him, for he drew himself hastily away, pushing me rather ungraciously to one side, and in his most gruff and uncompromising voice bade me summon Stephen to put out the lights.

I felt cruelly repulsed, and collected my newspapers with lowered eyes, feeling ashamed of the mortified tears which struggled behind the lashes. One drop of moisture fell down on the open sheet, and I angrily dashed it away.

But in repassing his chair I could not help facing my uncle, and then my feelings had a quick reaction. I saw that the old man's eyelids were red with suppressed emotion, and that his thin blue lips were trembling like a little child's. Oh! he did love me then after all, it was only his harsh manner which concealed his heart!

I knew his nature well enough to avoid noticing his softened mood, but with my novel under my arm stole quietly up to my own room.

My little maid—a *protegee* of Butterworth's—was waiting to undress me. But I was glad to dismiss her, and sit down and think over the unusual occurrences of the evening. The prospect of a visitor at the Towers was equally exciting and alarming—if his entertainment devolved on me, what could I do? I had no idea how to amuse people, especially gentlemen. I wished I had had Rose Carmichael to help me; but that was quite hopeless when Uncle John disliked her so much. Then that unexpected betrayal of my uncle's affection for me recurred to my memory, and I felt very much tempted to cry about it. It convicted me of so much past coldness and ingratitude. Why hadn't I taken the initiatory step long ago? How much happier we might both have been had I done so.

Instead of getting into bed, I sat down on the hearthrug and went on reading my novel. By-and-by I was at the end of the first volume, and the story had reached a most interesting climax. I longed to continue it, but, alas! the second volume was not here. I remembered leaving it on the writing-table of a little up-stairs sitting-room, which had been given up to my use when the departure of Madame Defarge enabled me to do away with the school-room.

This sitting room was removed from my bed-chamber only by the length of the passage, and in my extreme anxiety to continue the story I determined to venture there. My uncle's apartment was next to mine, but he was so deaf he was not likely to hear my footsteps; and carefully shrouding my candle with my hand, I stole along the passage and gained the sitting-room—"my lady's boudoir," as Butterworth always called it, for she remembered it by the name it used to bear in the days of Uncle John's mother—that was nobody knows how many years ago.

It was a pretty little room, with a large oriel window facing the flower-garden; the walls paneled, and with handsome, carved oak cornices and skirting-boards; quaint oak furniture, tapestry-seated chairs and stools, and a wide old fireplace in the corner, over which hung a small picture in an oval frame. This picture had long been my admiration. What its intrinsic value or excellence might be I know not, but there was something so touching and beautiful in the thorn-circled head which it represented—something which so fully realized my girlish conceptions of the Saviour who had been in one, a God of Love and a Man of Sorrows, that I could never gaze upon it without quickening pulses.

Once I had questioned my uncle on the subject, and he had said that the picture had belonged to his mother, and had been painted by some unknown French artist, and he called my attention to the black-lettered scroll which formed part of the oval frame, and bore this short inscription from the French Sainte Ecriture:—"Je t'ai aime d'un amour eternel."

I quickly found the volume of which I had come in quest, and was about to leave the room, when I heard a sound of the opening and shutting of my uncle's door, and saw a stream of candle-light falling across the passage. In one moment's nervous apprehension, I blew out my own candle and darted back into the boudoir.

I heard the steps coming nearer, the heavy pit-pat of Uncle John's cane. He seemed advancing in this direction, and afraid of being caught novel-reading at such unorthodox hours, I crept behind the heavy curtains of the oriel window, hoping that he would pass the door and give me the opportunity of returning unobserved to my room.

But no such thing. He came straight to the boudoir, closed the door, and through a crevice of the curtain I could not fail to mark the traces of stormy agitation on his wrinkled face. He was in a long, gaudy-patterned dressing-gown, and his slippers flapped noisily as he shuffled along. His thin, white hair was disarranged, and after he put down his silver candlestick on the writing-table, he drew out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. There was no one now to mark his weakness, and he was not afraid to indulge it. For some minutes he sobbed like a child, and my heart throbbed sympathetically though in perplexity, for what could there be to affect him thus visibly?

How bitterly annoyed I was with myself for not having moral courage to meet him in the first instance. Now I was a prisoner against my own will, and compelled to be an involuntary spy on his actions. For a moment the notion of confessing my presence suggested itself to me, but I quickly relinquished it as impolitic. In my uncle's weak state I dared not run the risk of startling him, as I must inevitably have done, by speaking or moving. Hidden in the curtain, I ran comparatively little risk of discovery, only when my uncle came quite close to me and began fitting a key into the little carved oak davenport, which stood in the narrow space between the window recess and the wall, I could scarcely stifle the loud beating of my heart or the sobbing of my breath.

I leant against the wall, I fancied I was going to sneeze, and all the blood rushed to my face in agony. Uncle John's slipper momentarily came in contact with my foot, and I recoiled horror-struck. He pushed a fold of curtain out of his way and it fell back against my face, almost stifling me.

He had been busy for some minutes—I wondered what he was doing, and ventured to advance my eye to a crevice in the moreen. I heard the crackling of paper. I saw that he had lifted up the davenport lid, and was hunting through the drawers. Those faded work materials, entangled wools of many colors, morsels of silk and velvet, rusty scissors, thimbles, trinkets, evidenced a woman's presence in days gone by. I remembered how Butterworth had told me that this davenport had been constantly used by my grandmother, Uncle John's mother; probably then the things had never been disturbed since her death.

Among the stores Uncle John had now found a bundle of old letters, tied together with time-yellowed pink ribbon. He had drawn forward a chair, and was reading them one by one, his eyes moist, the hands which held the open sheets trembling so painfully that he was compelled to rest them on the table.

I could not decipher the writing, but I stood near enough to distinguish that a woman's clear, delicate hand had traced the characters, but so long ago that the ink was faded to a pale brown. There was not time to search through the whole packet, and presently the old man was gathering the letters together again, and striving with his feeble fingers, to knot the ribbon around them.

What had he discovered now, so carefully stored away in that sandalwood box? Only an old-fashioned, long, white kid glove, that was mildewed by age—such a tiny hand as it must have fitted, and how dainty had once been the gold embroidery which surmounted the sleeve part—oh, well a day, where was the wearer and who had she been?

The sight of that old relic overpowered my uncle, he actually wept over it. He drew out the crushed fingers, he spread them upon his own horny palm, he even raised them to his lips. It would seem that some bygone vision came before him with that discolored glove, for his eyes lightened, his cheek glowed, and his poor thin lips kept moving incessantly as if addressing some one.

Outside the door was a passing footstep. Uncle John did not hear it, but something was dropped in the corridor; there was a rattle as of a falling extinguisher, and he started violently, banged down the lid of the davenport and listened.

The steps were coming nearer; I distinctly heard Nurse Butterworth's short, dry cough, then the door of the boudoir was jerked open, and the old woman stood on the threshold, a very grotesque object to look upon.

She was in her night attire, her bare feet stuck into a pair of unlaced boots, a quarter of a yard of white drapery coming into view between these and the blue flannel petticoat which her short calico bedgown surmounted. A few thin, gray curls struggled from beneath a wide-frilled night-cap, and a black bonnet finished off her costume, and gave peculiar effect to it. If I had not been in mortal terror of discovery, I could not have restrained my laughter.

"Good gracious, Sir John, what a fright you have given me, to be sure, sir," she exclaimed, in the reproachful tone a nurse might have used in correcting a disobedient child. "What are you doing here at this time of night, and in the cold, too, and with them rheumatiz?—come, sir, go to your room, and let me see about something warm for you. Oh, dear, to think that as soon as my back's turned, you're in mischief! And I'd never have know'd, and you might have catched your death of cold, if Jane hadn't seen the light under the door when she was scouring the backstairs, and comed up and telled me, and I didn't even stop to put on my gown."

Mrs. Butterworth made this last remark in an excusing voice, and with a downwards glance to the white draperies, for she knew my uncle to be a remarkably shy and modest man, and she paid due regard to his prejudices.

But in the present instance he did not seem to be affected either by her omissions or her apologies. He stood speechless in the corner, like a child enduring correction, and feebly trifled with the lock of the davenport.

"What have you been after?" pursued the old housekeeper. "What—turning over them nasty rubbidge?—bless me, they'd be a deal better burnt nor made such a sorrow of. I don't say it warn't a mistake, Master John, but when it's over and done for, years and years ago, why should you go on a fretting and a making troubles to no use? You'd better give me that key, sir, and I'll get shot o' the things an' let little Miss Amyce have't space for her gewgaws—it 'ud be a fine exchange. Ye sud think on her bits o' pleasures an' her prospects, honey, instead o' addling over what's all trash an' nonsense."

"I can't help it, Butterworth. I don't really care now, only I can't help thinking," groaned the poor old man, childishly.

"Don't care!—can't help thinking—bless me, Master John, you've nothing to care about, and you muan't think o' owt but keeping yoursel warm and getting strong. You'd be cured fast enough if ye set yer mind to trying, but not whiles ye go on fretting and grumbling—ye'll never get free, while you hug and draggle yer chain that way—snap it off like a man."

"Oh, Butterworth, I do. You know we never talk about it, and it was only to-night, I came here, because——well, Amyce and I told you who is coming to-morrow. Now, Butterworth, you've no right to be so cross to me; it's not proper, you forget that I'm your master, and I'm not going to be ordered about like a child."

"Bless you, Sir John, I'm not ordering you, and I wouldn't take liberties for owt in the world—it's only for your own good, honey. Didn't I use to nurse you when you was a small lad, and didn't my poor lady, when she was dying, tell me, 'Butterworth,' says she, 'look to your master, he's that unfortunate, he'll want yu'—an' I've done it—come, honey, don't take on, go to bed."

Uncle John let the faithful, kind-hearted creature take his arm, and lead him away; but at the door he paused, and I heard him saying,

"You'll see Amyce is nicely dressed to-morrow, and you'll tell her how to behave. You don't think I've done wrong in—you know what, Butterworth? I meant to have told you first, only I forgot. He could not leave London for more than a few days, and I did so wish to see him, and that's why I asked him to come. And you know he ought to meet Amyce now for—" but the voices died away, Butterworth was closing the door, and to my intense horror I heard her turn the key in the lock outside—I was a prisoner!

I believe I called after them, but no one heard me; the next instant my uncle's room door banged, and I was in darkness save for a faint line of moonlight creeping through the shutters of the oriel window—in silence, save for the low nibbling of a mouse behind the skirting board. I crept to the door and waited there, in the hope of being able to attract Butterworth's attention as she left my uncle's room: but I had a long period of waiting, and was even desperately resigning myself to the prospect of passing the night in confinement, and wondering what excuse I could offer to the housemaid in the morning, when at last the old woman came out into the passage on her way up-stairs.

I called her—first too low for her to hear—then with a despairing energy, which brought her quickly to my rescue. She burst the door open and confronted me as I stood trembling on the other side, with a face nearly as white as my dressing-gown. A few words explained my situation and my misdemeanor, and Butterworth divided her efforts between scolding and consoling me. She saw me to my room, made up my fire, and insisted on waiting to tuck me up in bed, that, as she said, she might know I was out of harm's way; and as for them nasty novels, if I didn't give her my word of honor never to read them again at improper times, she vowed she'd pack 'em all back to Hemsley to-morrow, sure as a gun—a threat which immediately extracted from me the necessary promise.

"Butterworth," I whispered, as she bent over my pillow to kiss me, "what is all this mystery—do tell me!"

"What mystery, dear?"

"About those things in the davenport, and what Uncle John and you were saying, and how has it all to do with the gentleman who is coming to-morrow."

"Husb, Miss Amyce, you mustn't be curious. You was never meant to know; wait a bit, and mebbe, you'll be told some day."

"Oh, but nonsense, I shan't repeat it; and since I've heard half, you must tell me the rest. I'll promise not to tell tales, and—well—oh, do, Butterworth, like a good, kind creature."

Butterworth had set down her candle and was wrinkling her forehead. I saw the hesitation in her mind, and by throwing in an adroit word of coaxing, gained the day.

"Well, Miss Amyce, then you must not let wit I told you owt about it, but you know that gentleman who is coming?"

I nodded.

"Well, Master John—Sir John, I mean—ought to have married his mother a many years ago; she was a very nice, pretty young lady, and they were cousins, and the wedding day and all was fixed: but master, he thought she didn't care enough about him, and was marrying him for his money, or some such thing, and he jilted her. And then after all, when it was too late, he found out he had made a mistake, and behaved very cruelly, and he's never been the same gentleman since."

"Oh, tell me about it."

"I can't, now, it's too long a story; but ye see, when master jilted her, Amyce Dillon,—you were called after her, dear,—Amyce Dillon went and married some one else off hand—just to spite her old love, so it was said, which was very wrong of her if it was true; but I always think her nasty old mother made her do it; anyhow, poor thing, she died brokenhearted when her first child was born. This gentleman who is coming to-morrow is her son—Mr. Hedworth Charlton, they call him."

"Oh, dear, what a pity—about her dying, I mean. And so Uncle John took her loss dreadfully to heart? I dare say it was her glove I saw him fondling to-night."

"Likely enough, for he never forgets her. But, Miss Amyce, you must really go to sleep now; good-night," and despite my entreaties Butterworth took her departure from the room.

Long I lay awake, thinking of Butterworth's story, and the strange scene I had witnessed in the boudoir. Poor old Uncle John, how dearly he must have loved Amyce Dillon.—But I wondered why, if this had been the case, he invited to his house a man who was his rival's son, and bore that rival's name—was old love so all-powerful as to vanquish bygone resentment?—was the fact of his being Amyce Dillon's offspring sufficient to ensure Hedworth Charlton a welcome at any price in the home and heart of one who had long ago loved his mother—yea, and *injured* his mother? For I heard the story in greater detail afterwards. In his youthful days my uncle had had a hasty and passionate disposition. When a trifle light as air roused his jealousy, he had cruelly flung his betrothed from him, paying no regard to her protestations of truth and unchanged love. They parted. The girl's mother indignantly adopted the quarrel, and though aware of the state of her daughter's heart, widened the breach between the lovers, and almost forced her into marriage with another. The end is easily guessed at. Amyce Charlton was a wretched wife, he who had deserted her, an embittered, disappointed man. Once, and only once again in life they met. It was in a crowded street, and an unexpected encounter with the woman he had loved so dearly withdrew Sir John's attention from the spirited horse he rode, and he was thrown and seriously injured. And then a woman, Hedworth Charlton's wife, had fainted, surprised into a terrible confession of interest in one who ought to have been to her as a stranger, and too late—too late John Cloyse learned what a fatal mistake had been his. Amyce died (happily, perhaps for her) in prematurely giving birth to a son. She died with her husband's reproaches sounding in her ears, and—as one afterwards told John Cloyse—she died deliriously calling to him to save her.—Not once or twice over did she say that he had broken her heart. And perhaps she said truth. It was a sad, sad history; no wonder it saddened all Uncle John's after life, and made him shrink from intercourse with his fellow-creatures. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

Sir Benjamin Brodie relates the following as an instance of the curious effects produced by the association of ideas: When I was about fifteen years of age, I went with my father and mother, and other friends, on a tour through Somersetshire; and having arrived at Wellington, where I had certainly never been before, we tarried an hour or two at the "Squirrel" inn for refreshments. On entering the room where the rest of the party were assembled, I found myself suddenly surprised and pursued by a pack of strange, shadowy, infantile images, too vague to be called recollections, too distinct and persevering to be dismissed as phantasms. Whichever way I turned my eyes, faint and imperfect pictures of persons once familiar to my childhood, and feeble outlines of events long passed, came crowding around me, and vanishing again in rapid and fitful succession. I felt assured that all this was not a mere trick of the imagination. It seemed to me rather that enfeebled memory was, by some sudden impulse, set actively at work, endeavoring to recall the forms of past realities, long overlaid, and almost lost behind the throng of subsequent events. My uneasiness was noticed by my mother; and when I had described my sensations, the whole mystery was speedily solved by the discovery that the pattern of the wall-paper in the room where we were seated, was exactly similar to that of my nursery in Paddington, which I had never seen since I was between four and five years of age. I did not immediately remember the paper, but I was soon satisfied that it was the medium of association through which all those ill-defined, half-faded forms had travelled up to light; my nurse and nursery events associated with that paper pattern being, after all, but very faintly pictured on the field of my remembrance.

☞ A young lady fainted at a dinner the other day, because the servant brought a roast pig on the table that showed its bare legs. "What made you faint?" anxiously inquired her friends, as soon as she came to. "The nakedness of that horrible quadruped," sobbed this bashful piece of modesty. "Och, an' bedad," exclaimed the servant who had brought in the offensive pig.—'It wasn't naked at all, at all. I dressed it meself before I brought it in, sure."

☞ "Remember, madam, that you are the weaker vessel," said an irate husband. "Exactly!" said the lady, "but do not forget that the weaker vessel may have the strongest spirit in it."

☞ A respectable gentleman doesn't like to have a heavy charge levelled against him, especially if it is in a gun.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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PENNSYLVANIA.

A military correspondent of the *North American*, of this city, writing from the "*Camp near Hagerstown*," under date of October 13th, says:—

And now, my friend, let me warn you and my dear native state against the peril which menaces her. It is the fixed determination of our desperate enemy to force the war into Pennsylvania *at every hasard*, for the double purpose of subsistence and vengeance. No matter whether our army crosses the Potomac or not, they will enter our state at every convenient opportunity and destroy and capture. This is exactly what every bold and intelligent enemy always does—forces the war into the heart of the opposite country—and in this case the amount of plunder they would obtain would be enormous. Again I say, beware of this imminent danger, and let instant steps be taken to ward it off. Bedford, Hollidaysburg, Altoona and Huntingdon, and the Pennsylvania Central Railroad along that region, are especially exposed.—The mouths of the main passes from the Potomac must be closed by field works, which are easily and cheaply constructed, and they must be armed and garrisoned. The valley between Sidling Hill and the Cove Mountains leading direct from the Potomac to the Juniata, at Mount Union, is *the key of the state*, and should instantly be occupied and fortified. It is but about eighty-five miles from Virginia to the Central Railroad by this line, and no intervening mountain nor stream of any consequence. Incessant vigilance is demanded there. There must be a *line* of light field works covering the mountain passes among the many interlocking spurs which lead southward from the Juniata: and before this *line* signals by night and day, and advanced parties must be placed: the axe and mattock must not be spared, and in a few weeks you can, with a few guns and men, set 30,000 enemies at defiance. Command the passes and picquet the open country, you are safe; but cannon you must have for short range, say 1,000 yards. The Napoleon gun is a terrible weapon. I used three of them on the left of the 3rd brigade of Smith's division, which I commanded at Antietam, against a powerful body of the enemy who were massing to attack my position. They were about 900 yards off, and our shells were most awfully effective, and scattered the enemy in wild confusion. This part of the Potomac valley will no doubt be now thoroughly protected, but you must defend the mountain passes. I entreat you to call the attention of our people to the imperious necessity of this. If it is not done some most serious disaster will inevitably fall on them speedily. *Pennsylvania must arm to the teeth*, or behold her people ruined, for this war is taking a fierce and exterminating tone, and the deadliest hatred is felt toward our state. I expect to hear that 50,000 men, with a powerful artillery train, have crossed near Hancock, and dashed at the heart of Pennsylvania. Pray God my expectations may be defeated?

What will *you* do against these veteran soldiers whom only our hardy veterans were able to check? One hundred and fifty thousand militia would be nowhere. The enemy are *known* to have 800 pieces of artillery in Virginia—an astounding but ascertained fact. They need horses and subsistence alone, and Pennsylvania is their magazine. Never for one moment have I undervalued the power of the South. The unity of that section is their power, and they are more dangerous to us now than ever. I have thought seriously of returning to Pennsylvania, and placing myself at the disposal of the Governor in this perilous time. You must have practical military men.

All the above may be very true, but really it is also very curious. Pennsylvania has drained herself of over a hundred thousand men for the service of the Federal government, they are the only "veterans" she has, there is a Federal army of probably 120,000 men on the Potomac, and yet Pennsylvania seems to be expected to take measures to defend herself, just as if she had no troops already in the Federal service, and even as if there were no army on the Potomac at all!

If, as the above writer says, "150,000 militia would be nowhere," and that we could not expect to check the enemy without "veteran" troops, which "veterans" we have not got, we really do not well see what our good old state is to do in any sudden emergency.

We trust if there be any such danger as the writer of the above describes, and the Federal government or its officers know it, we shall have immediate and official advice of it—together with the information that the army of the Potomac cannot be relied upon to ward it off.

Pennsylvania ought not to be caught unprepared, that is true. She ought to err rather on the side of needless preparation, than on that of foolish security. But really one would think that if the last levies of 600,000 men are raised for the Federal Government, its generals, if worthy of their positions, ought to be able at least to defend our own borders! But if they are not able, in mercy do let us know it, and the old Keystone will strain a point, and endeavor to do it herself.

RECONNOISANCES.—Two reconnoisances were recently made on the Potomac—one from Harper's Ferry on Charlestown by Gen. Hancock, the other toward Smithfield, on the road to Bunker Hill, by Gen. Woodbury. Both columns retired when they had found the enemy in force near Smithfield. A great battle is said "to be expected before many days."

THE TRUE VIEW.

The following extract is from a private letter received in this city from a young officer in Curtis's army. The writer, who was educated as a member of the Society of Friends, left an honorable profession at the commencement of the war, and enlisted as a private in one of the Illinois regiments, where he now holds the rank of first lieutenant. He says:—

"I am sorry to see so much in all your letters, leaving the impression that you think our past sacrifices of life and treasure have been only *wasted*, and that our new levies are likely to share the fate of the old, and with as little good effect. Where a long-peaceful nation has so suddenly to embark in war on so enormous a scale, there *must* be much seeming waste at the beginning, before incompetent leaders are sifted out and competent ones brought to the surface, and before erroneous plans of action are tested and discarded. This is just as necessary as that a new plough should 'scour' before it will do substitute. A Covington c... of the *Augusta Chronicle*, says:—

In this county a substitute for wool is now being made into a cloth by a great many persons, with the design of using their wool for our soldiers in the field. This substitute is *cow hair*. The cloth made of it is perhaps not quite so smooth as that made of wool, but it is heavier, and no doubt will be nearly, if not equally as warm, and will last fully as well.

The hair is washed perfectly clean, and pulled or beat so as to have no bunches. After it is well dried, it is ready for use. Like wool for ordinary cloth, it is used only for "filling," and mixed with about one-third cotton. The common and easier way of mixing is by ginning it with the cotton, although it could be, I suppose, mixed fully as well by "carding." If the same quantity *in weight* of seed cotton and hair are thoroughly mixed and placed in the gin after the seed are separated, the cotton lint will be about one third of the hair. The *breast* of the gin should be a little raised, or the hair will make the saws to *choke*. Cow hair, thus mixed with cotton, may be carded, spun and made into cloth with no more trouble than is required for wool or cotton. The hair can be purchased at the tanneries at fifteen or twenty cents per bushel. It is the cheapest material that can now be had for making cloth, and it is hoped that all who have negroes to clothe, and have cards and wheels and a loom, and can get the hair, will use it instead of their wool, keeping the latter for our soldiers.

As wool is becoming unusually scarce in the Northern states, perhaps our manufactures also will have to resort to cow hair, especially if they find on trial that it makes a tolerably good cloth.

MILITARY MAXIMS.

The maxims in Beauregard's letter to Gen. Bragg—captured by our forces in the West—although old and somewhat trite, are worthy of being enforced upon the Union commanders. We suppose of course they know them by heart—but how is it that they do not oftener act upon them? Beauregard says to Bragg:—

The moment you get to Chattanooga, you ought to take the offensive, keeping in mind the following grand principles of the art of war:—

1st.—Always bring the masses of your army in contact with the fractions of the enemy.

2.—Operate as much as possible on his communications without exposing your own.

3.—Operate always on interior or shorter lines.

I have no doubt that with anything like equal numbers, you will always meet with success.

Beauregard also says, in another place, "*action, action, action, is what we require.*" But the rebels do not require "action" half as much as we do,—because our war is necessarily an offensive one, while a successful defence is for them a victory in the contest.

OUR CHIEF CITIES.—The eighth census of the United States shows that the ten chief cities of the country rank in the following order:—

Cities.	Population, 1860.	Increase, pr. ct.
1. New York,	805,651	50.27
2. Philadelphia,	562,529	65.43
3. Brooklyn,	296,661	175.87
4. Baltimore,	212,418	25.65
5. Boston,	177,812	23.90
6. New Orleans,	168,675	44.94
7. Cincinnati,	161,044	39.51
8. St. Louis,	160,773	100.49
9. Chicago,	109,260	264.85
10. Newark, N. J.	71,914	84.89

ROSECRANS.

Is it not to General Rosecrans that the country is indebted for the recent victories at Iuka and Corinth? Relative to this latter battle an army correspondent says:—

The enemy is paralyzed for the present. Weeks will elapse before they will recover from the tremendous shock unless they receive heavy reinforcements. The rainy season may blockade them and us before they are ready to move. They will never assail Corinth again without an overwhelming army. Their losses were most serious. Twelve hundred were buried here; 2,500 are in our hospitals; 2,000 were captured, including about 100 officers, among whom are one colonel and several majors, and fully 5,000 deserted, so that Price's estimate is not extravagant. Our own casualties cannot be definitely ascertained until the army returns. According to data received, our killed at Corinth and vicinity was about 350; wounded 1,200; prisoners on Friday, 300, and two Parott guns lost.

If Rosecrans really be the officer to whom the credit should be given, we trust the Administration *will not fail to know* and act upon it.

NAVAL EXPEDITIONS.

The navy has been quiet for some time now, but there is reason to believe that the navy yards have not been idle. The first of the new expeditions against the rebel ports is already preparing to make its mark. Providence permitting, it is expected that before many months, the fortifications of Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston will have been experimented upon. Our iron-clads are beginning to take to the water. November, last year, opened the ball with Dupont's great victory at Port Royal. November, this year, it is to be hoped will do still better. There is especially a great anxiety on the part of a large number of our northern tourists to spend the winter in Charleston. Charleston has such a high reputation for hospitality, that they expect to have "a high old time" there.

UNCLE AND NIECE.

I cannot conclude the present letter without mentioning a little incident that occurred here in the course of the present week, and in which some ingenious rogue has verily out-Barnumed Barnum. A member of the company of players at Kallenbach's theatre was to have a benefit night; and the question was how to get together a good audience, as the usual attendance at that place of amusement, even if doubled, would produce far too slender a sum to satisfy the expectations of a benefit night. Accordingly, some days before the memorable evening, there appeared in all the Berlin papers an advertisement to the following effect:—

"A gentleman who has a niece and ward possessing a disposable property of fifteen thousand thalers, together with a mercantile establishment, desires to find a young man who would be able to manage the business and become the husband of the young lady. The possession of property or other qualifications is no object. Apply to ——."

Hundreds and hundreds of letters poured in in reply to this advertisement. On the morning of the benefit day each person who had sent a reply received the following note: "The most important point is, of course, that you should like one another. I and my niece are going to Kallenbach's theatre this evening, and you can just drop in upon us at Box No. 1."

Of course, the theatre was crammed. All the boxes, all the best paying places in the house were filled early in the evening with a mostly male public, got up in a style which is seldom seen at the royal opera itself. Glasses were levelled on all sides in the direction of Box No. 1, and eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the niece, when she should appear in company with the uncle. But uncles are proverbially "wicked old men;" and in the present case neither uncle nor niece was to be found, and the disconsolate lovers—of a fortune—were left to clear up the mystery as best they could. The theatre has not seen such an audience for years, and, of course, the chief person concerned reaped a rich harvest by the trick.—*Letter from Berlin.*

SMALL POX.—It should be distinctly kept before the minds of the people that vaccination is an almost perfect preventive of small pox until the age of puberty, (say fifteen,) but after that time it becomes less and less efficacious until twenty-five, when the system becomes less susceptible to the disease up to thirty-five, when the predisposition to small pox seems to die out altogether. To show the preventive power of vaccination, statistics prove that before vaccination, or even inoculation, was practiced or known in Boston, to wit, 1721, (the year of its first trial in England by Lady Mary Wortley Montague on her own daughter,) one half of the entire population lay sick of the disease at the same time, and one out of every twenty-seven died of it—which, at the same rate, would kill over thirty thousand persons in New York city alone—while the total deaths from all causes in a single year was less than twenty-three thousand. In 1792, forty-six per cent.—forty-six persons out of every hundred, in Boston, had small pox at the same time. But a few years later, when vaccination was generally practiced, many city physicians did not see a single case of small pox in twenty months, and during a period of twenty-eight years less than three persons a year died of small pox in Boston.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ A FORGIVING SPIRIT.—A forgiving spirit is absolutely necessary, if we hope for pardon of our own sins, and as we hope for peace of mind in our dying moments, or for the Divine mercy at that day when we shall most stand in need of it.

☞ Gen. Floyd says it is time for the United States to yield the contest. If we ever catch him, we shall "throw up the sponge" by tossing him in a blanket.

☞ The flowers of Christian graces grow only under the shade of the Cross, and the root of them all is humility.

WHEN THE GREAT REBELLION'S OVER.

Climbed the baby on her knee,
With an airy, childish grace;
Prattled in her lovely face,
"When will papa come to me?"
"Papa?" soft the mother cried—
"Papa! ah! the naughty rover!
Sweet, my pet, he'll come to thee
When the great Rebellion's over!"

"Mamma once had rosy cheeks,
Danced and sang a merry tune;
Now she rocks me 'neath the moon;
Sits and sighs, but scarcely speaks."
Sad the smile the mother wore—
"Sweet, mamma has lost her lover,
She will blush and sing no more
Till the great Rebellion's over!

"Till the hush of peace shall come,
Like a quiet fall of snow,
And the merry troops shall go
Marching back to hearts at home"—
"Papa—home?" the baby lisped,
Balmy-breath'd as summer clover,
"Yes, my darling, home at last,
And the sad Rebellion over!"

Entered at the open door,
While the mother soothed her child,
One who neither spoke nor smiled,
Standing on the sunny floor.
Wistful eyes met mournful eyes,
Hope took flight, like airy plover;
Ah! poor heart, thou'lt wait in vain
Till the great Rebellion's over!

Heart, poor heart! too weak to save.
Vain your tears—your longings vain—
Summer winds and summer rain
Beat already on his grave!
From the flag upon his breast,
(Truer breast it ne'er shall cover!)
From its mouldering colors, wet
With his blood, shall spring beget
Lily, rose, and violet,
And a wreath of purple clover.
With the flag upon his breast,
They have hid away your lover—
Weep not! wail not! let him rest!
Having bravely stood the test,
He shall rank among the blest,
When the great Rebellion's over.

AMUSING AND INTERESTING

Reminiscence of Washington.

A correspondent of the Norfolk (Va.) Herald furnishes that paper the following interesting reminiscence of Washington, taken from Curtis's "Private Memoirs" of the great and good man. The author of the "Memoirs" introduced it as one, and not the least characteristic, among the many illustrations that exist, of Washington's well known particularity and method in all business transactions, and exemplifies his habit of reducing to writing even such bargains and understandings as, from their apparent want of importance, would by most men be trusted to memory only:—

For a full understanding of the matter, it must be premised that Barter had been, for some time prior to this contract, in the service of Washington, and had on several occasions manifested so decided a predilection for the bottle as to have established the fact of its being a confirmed habit with him, and thus to have induced Washington to draw up the bond specifying the particular occasions on which Barter could get drunk, and how long at each occasion he might remain so, as well as prescribing the number of his ordinary daily drams.

That Washington must have had in his composition a considerable slice of sly humor is evident from his having used, for such a trifling matter, the prolix, verbose, legal forms usually employed in important contracts, instead of a brief, simple memorandum; and in his having called in such a man as Tobias Lear to formally attest a bargain in which matters of no greater import were involved than a gardener's food for one year, and eight dollars to be expended in sprees on certain specified occasions within that period.

"Articles of agreement made this twelfth day of April, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, by and between George Washington, Esq., of the parish of Turo, in the county of Fairfax, state of Virginia, on the one part, and Philip Barter, gardener, on the other, witness, that the said Philip Barter, for and in consideration of the covenants hereinafter mentioned, doth promise and agree to serve the said George Washington for the term of one year, as a gardener, and that he will, during the said time, conduct himself soberly, diligently and honestly; and that he will faithfully and industriously perform all and every part of his duty as a gardener to the best of his knowledge and abilities, and that he will not at any time suffer himself to be disguised with liquor except on times hereinafter mentioned.

"In consideration of these things being well and duly performed on the part of Philip Barter, the said George Washington doth agree to allow him (the said Philip) the same kind and quality of provisions he has heretofore had, and likewise, annually, a decent suit of clothes, befitting a man in his station; a working jacket and breeches of homespun, besides two white shirts, three check do., two linen overalls, as many pairs of shoes as are necessary; four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for two days; and a dram in the morning and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon.

"For the truth and faithful performance of all and each part of these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini 1787.

"His
"PHILIP ⋈ BARTER.
"Mark.
"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Witness:
"GEORGE WASHINGTON,
"TOBIAS LEAR."

THE GREAT DISCOVERIES MADE BY ACCIDENT.

Few people are aware how much we owe to accidents. That we often lose by them, is indeed true. Property is destroyed to frightful extent, valuable lives are sacrificed, or a work on which years of labor and ingenuity have been spent, is suddenly rendered useless; but, on the whole, I believe the world is a gainer by accidents. They have added beyond a power of calculation, to our stock of knowledge and riches. Without them the astronomer would never have been supplied with his telescope or pendulum; many of the conveniences and necessaries of life, as we now consider them, would be unknown; and much of the wealth floating about in the world, and finding employment for thousands, would be lying undiscovered in the bowels of the earth. Accidents of the kind I am speaking of are indeed no more than friendly hints of nature, which require attentive minds to seize upon and understand them. The thoughtless or careless would pass them for ages day after day, and never be a jot the wiser or better for them.

There must be a quick eye, and a mind as sensitive as the prepared paper of the photographist, to catch these hints. While the eye sees, the mind must seize upon and retain the lesson. Mr. Smiles, in his *Self-help*, gives a most admirable case in point. "While captain afterwards Sir Samuel Brown, was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking, in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be constructed in like manner; and the result was the invention of his suspension bridge." A most trifling incident this, it would seem, and yet what beautiful results it has led to! His mind was thoroughly prepared for the slightest impression, and a spider's web was sufficient to imprint upon it an idea which has eventuated in such stupendous yet beautiful networks as that which spans the Meanai Strait. I never look on one of these triumphs of engineering skill without remembering that a little spider was the first constructor of suspension bridges, and gave the hint to man.

But perhaps there seems too little of accident in this for some persons; they would like a more decided case—a man picking up a stone, and finding it a lump of silver, or something that was really worth calling a "piece of luck." Here, then, is the very thing. Darwin tells us of a man who was driving a loaded donkey over one of the mountains of the Cordillera chain, and wishing to make the animal quicken his pace, took up a stone to throw at it. Thinking the stone heavy, he picked it up again and examined it, and to his astonishment, found it full of pure silver! The man, though a brute, was something of a philosopher; he judged that there was more of the precious ore where this had come from, and began to search for the vein; for the joint action of the sun and rain wears down the rocks, and sets free portions of the precious metals embedded in them, which roll down into the valleys below. He was rewarded for his search by finding the vein of silver at no great distance, standing up in the form of a wedge out of the bare mountain-side. This was no other than the famous mind of Chanuncillo, from which silver to the extent of several hundred thousand pounds was raised in the course of a few years.

Lucky accidents have been no less favorable to the cause of science. Glass was first discovered by accident, at least so Pliny tell us, and his account is generally received as the most probable. "Some mariners," he writes, "who had a cargo of *nitrum* (salt, or, as some have supposed, soda,) on board, having landed on the banks of the river Belus, a small stream at the base of Mount Carmel in Palestine, and finding no stones to rests their pots upon, placed under them some masses of nitrum, which, being fused by the heat with the sand of the river, produced a liquid and transparent stream; such was the origin of glass." In process of time glass developed itself into the form of spectacles, and so assisted defective vision; and at this stage, it gave birth to the telescope.

It seems scarcely credible that that wonderful, far-seeing instrument, which brings the most distant worlds under our curious ken, should have had its origin in children's play; yet so it is. The children of a spectacle maker in Middleburg were allowed at times—probably on wet days—to play in their father's workshop. On one of these occasions, they were amusing themselves with some spectacle-glasses, when one of them placed *two* together, one before the other, and looked through them, at the weathercock on a neighboring steeple. To the child's astonishment, the vane appeared larger and nearer to it than when seen through one glass only. The father was called to see the sight, and struck with the singular fact, resolved to turn it to advantage. His first plan was to fix two glasses on a board, by means of brass rings, which might be brought nearer to each other or further off at pleasure. He was thus enabled to see distant objects better and more distinctly than before. The next improvement was to place the glasses in a tube, which may be termed the first telescope.—Galileo soon heard of it, and applied it to astronomical purposes. The mention of this great man recalls to mind his *accidental* discovery of the pendulum. A correct time-measure had long been a desideratum in the world. Water-clocks had been tried, and found wanting; Alfred's candles would not do for the world at large. Another lucky accident must supply the want; and it came as follows:—The future great astronomer, though then only a young man, was in the cathedral at Pisa. One of the vergers had been supplying a lamp with oil, which hung from the roof, and left it swinging to and fro—this caught Galileo's attention—and carefully noting it, he observed that it vibrated in equal times, and first conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time. It cost him fifty years to complete his pendulum. After the telescope and pendulum, we can hardly pass over Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the law of gravity, though it is too well known to require more than naming. An apple accidentally falling to the ground before his face revealed to him this mighty, all-pervading secret of nature! What vast results have sprung from these seeming trifles! Distant worlds have not only been discovered, but weighed and measured; the pathless ocean can be travelled over with the same certainty as if guide-posts were erected every three or four miles; and time can be measured to the greatest nicety!

Should these few facts stimulate but one individual to pay more attention to our great teacher, Nature—to look out for her hints, and try to turn them to good account, it is impossible to say how much richer the world may be through that one man in half a century.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."—"It is my firm belief," says Taylor, "that if little children were brought to Him early, if prayed over, watched over, instructed by degrees, as they are able to bear it, before the seeds of sin in the heart have sprouted and blossomed, and the fruit has formed in the plant; if sin were pointed out to the child in its proper character, as a noxious weed to be rooted up and cast away; if the rising and perplexing visions of this world were thrust afar on this side and on that, and the Saviour was shown in his real form and character, as altogether lovely; then, I cannot help believing, that our children would grow up as olive-branches, and be fair and graceful (with Christian graces) as the polished corners of the temple."

☞ Two friends meeting, one remarked, "I have just met a man who told me I looked like you." "Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend. "Don't trouble yourself," said he; "I did that myself, immediately."

☞ A late Eastern paper says:—"In Saturday's paper we stated that among the skedaddlers to Canada the butchers were represented. We were misinformed. That class of citizens say they will meet the draft, come weal or woe, and will not cut steaks for Canada or any other foreign parts."

☞ A wealthy French financier, being convicted of filling his own coffers at the expense of the royal treasury, was deprived of his office and dismissed from the court.—He showed no confusion at his disgrace, and was merely heard to say:—"They have done very wrong to dismiss me; I had provided sufficiently for myself, and was just going to exert myself for the State."

☞ A soldier's outfit of clothing consumes about twenty-five pounds of wool; and for an army subjected to the wear and casualities of war, the annual consumption of wool is about sixty pounds per man.

☞ W. F. Radcliffe, of Rushton Rectory, writes to the Cottage Gardener that he has found blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) a sure cure for white mildew on roses, both for outdoor plants and the more delicate pot-plants. He says:—"I may observe, by the wayside, that hot and close situations are sure to produce white mildew in pot-plants."

☞ TAKING HIM DOWN.—Bulwer tells a story of a young lord who went to Eton, and who was asked his name by the cock of the school, a big, brave fellow, the son of a retired wine merchant. "I am Lord Dash," said the boy, vainly, "the son of the Marquess of Blank." "Then," said the other, taking him quietly one side, and giving him a practical lesson, "there are three kicks—one for my lord, and two for the Marquess."

☞ The author of a tride which was "goosed" off the stage, explained the failure by saying he had dashed it off on a sirgle afternoon. "What a pity I didn't know what you were doing that day," broke in a friend, "I might have kept you in liquor all that time, and both you and the public would have been spared an infliction."

Who hath not met with home-made bread, a heavy compound of putty and lead,
And home-made wines that rack the head, and home-made liqueurs and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam, and home-made dishes that drive one from home—
Not to name each mess for the face or dress, home-made by the homely daughters;
Home-made physic that sickens the sick; thick for thin, and thin for thick;
In short, each homogeneous trick for poisoning domesticity?
But of all our evils the worst of the worst is *home-made infelicity.*

☞ SHOCKING.—At —— Springs, a fashionable watering place, recently a guest was discovered bathing his feet in the spring one morning, which, as the water was used on the hotel tables, caused great indignation among the boarders, and said "guest" got "fits" from the two hundred ladies and gentlemen. One young miss said she guessed that was what gave the water its peculiar *healing* qualities, but those who did not see it in that light skedaddled.

☞ It is amusing to observe what a great scholar and critic thought of oaths in a literary and artistic point of view. Longinus, in his famous treatise on the Sublime, gives the following cool and considered opinion on the subject:—"Swearing, considered in itself, is by no means an accomplishment, or a source of the sublime, and should never be introduced but in the proper place and occasion."

THE draft took place in Pennsylvania, with the exception of Philadelphia, on the day appointed.

THE DRAFT IN PHILADELPHIA.—On next Tuesday the draft will be made in this city. The quota of the city is fixed at 8,559. We presume this number will be subject to the reduction by enlistments up to the day of the draft.

GOV. CURTIN has issued an order permitting men drafted in the state to volunteer for the three years' service.

THE ELECTIONS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The National Union party have carried the election in Philadelphia. Mayor Henry is re-elected by 5,088 majority. The following are the official returns:

Mayor—For Alexander Henry	5,038	maj.
City Solicitor—For F. C. Brewster	3,619	"
Receiver of Taxes—For Jas. S. Kelch	3,443	"
City Controller—For Jos. R. Lyndall	3,368	"
City Commissioner—For John Given	3,138	"
District Attorney—W. B. Mann	3,031	"
Pro. Com. Pleas—F. G. Wolbert	2,229	"
Auditor General—Thos. E. Cochran	2,801	"
Surveyor General—Wm. S. Ross	2,849	"
Total vote for Mayor	69,410	

The two State Senators chosen are also of the same party. To the lower house of the Legislature, 7 National Union, and 10 Democrats are elected.

The following is the result for Congress, as near as we can make it out at present—the list may need correction:

Districts.	Districts.
1. Sam. J. Randall, D.	13. R F Clark, U.
2. Charles O'Neill, U.	14. W B Miller, D.
3. Leonard Myers, U.	15. Jos Bailey, I D.*
4. Wm D Kelley, U.*	16. A H Coffroth, D.
5. M R Thayer, U.	17. Arch McAlister, D.
6. John D Stiles, D.*	18. Jas T Hale, I R.*
7. Jno M Broomall, U.	19. G W Schofield, U.
8. S E Ancona, D.*	20. A M Myers, U.
9. Thad Stevens, U.*	21. N M Stewart, U.
10. Myer Strouse, D.	22. J K Moorhead, U.*
11. Philip Johnson, D.*	23. Thos Williams, U.
12. Chas Denison, D.	24. Jno W Wallace, U.

* Re-elected.

H. M. Tracy, in the Thirteenth District, ran as an independent Republican candidate against the Union nominee. He was reported successful—but the last account we have says he is defeated. In the Fifteenth District, Joseph Bailey ran as an independent Democrat against A. J. Glosbrenner, the regular Democratic candidate; and James T. Hale, in the Eighteenth, Republican member of the last House, ran as an independent Republican candidate against the regular Union nominee.

According to the above, the new delegation stands thus:—Unionists 13; Democrats 9; Independent Democrat 1; Independent Republican 1. The delegation in the present Congress stands thus:—Unionists 17; Democrats 7.

As to the Legislature, the National Union, or Republicans, probably will have a majority in the Senate, and the Democrats in the House. On joint ballot the indications as we write this, favor the supposition of a small Democratic majority.

OHIO.—The Democratic state ticket is reported to be elected by from 10,000 to 15,000 majority.

Thirteen Democrats are said to be elected to Congress out of the nineteen Representatives.

Vallandigham (Dem.) is defeated by Gen. Schenck. Schenck's majority is said to be 1,272.

INDIANA.—A special despatch to the N. Y. Express says:—In Indiana the Democratic state ticket is elected by from 10,000 to 15,000 majority, with a large Democratic majority in the Legislature. Five of the Democratic candidates for Congres are certainly elected, with equal chances for three more. In the Seventh District, Daniel W. Voorhees (Dem.) is re-elected by 2,500 majority.

IOWA.—It is reported that sufficient returns have been received to determine that all six of the Republican Congressmen have been elected in this state, and that the Republican state ticket has also been elected by about 10,000 majority.

In Iowa the soldiers vote. The returns from two regiments have been received as follows:—The 29th gave for Congress, Republican, 273, Democratic, 82; the 39th gave Republican, 334, Democratic, 100.

NEBRASKA.—S. G. Darley (Republican) has been re-elected delegate to Congress by an increased majority.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits,
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains."
For shame, my friend,—renounce this idle strain!
What would thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heaps of corses which his sword has slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—love and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath?
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.
—*S. T. Coleridge.*

☞ Rev. Hiram Eddy, of Winsted, Connecticut, who has just been relieved, after a year's captivity in the South, was received with public demonstrations of rejoicing on his arrival home. In his speech he said:—"I am for the Union ten thousand times more than ever before. My hairs have whitened during the year of my captivity, but for every white hair I have scored a black mark against this rebellion."

☞ Lord Kinnard made love to the Duchess of Bassano. She rejected him, and said he was not sincere. He declared if he died he would let her know that he was sincere. He did die. Duchess Bassano was walking by a church door, in Paris, not long after, and entering the church, turning round in the doorway, saw Lord K. ! "Ah! Caroline," (or whatever was her Christian name) "*N'etais je pas sincere?*" Was I not sincere, said the shadow. She described his face to be so shocking that she could not bear to look at it. She went home, told the story, and died.

☞ One man who lives to be seventy and has ten children and five and twenty grandchildren, is of more worth to the state than three men who die at thirty, and who, it is to be hoped, leave no children. A man's physical working value is at its height from twenty to forty; as an intellectual being, from thirty to fifty; but as a social and moral being, exerting an influence in society, guiding the minds of children and grandchildren, his utility is from forty to seventy.

☞ Damages to the amount of twenty thousand dollars were recovered recently from Rufus Paine, of Cleveland, Ohio, by a lady, for breach of promise of marriage. That is more than any man is worth. A New York jury gave six cents recently in a similar suit—which was much nearer the mark.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Oct. 18.—The troops under Generals Hancock and Humphreys, who left on Thursday morning to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Winchester, returned after arriving at Smithfield, five miles from Bunker Hill. None of the enemy interfered with the return of Gen. Hancock's command.

With Gen. Humphrey's command it was different. They followed him with cavalry and artillery within a short distance of Shepherdstown, and opened with the latter whenever they could get within range. Our loss was one killed and six wounded.

The troops safely recrossed at Shepherdstown ford last evening, bringing with them a number of prisoners.

The rebel wounded, numbering one hundred, left at Charlestown, were brought within our lines yesterday forenoon, where they will be paroled.

The rebels had between forty and fifty killed and wounded on Thursday, whilst disputing the advance of Gen. Humphrey's troops.

One Hundred Rebels Captured.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—Gen. Stahl started on a reconnoissance to Aldie and its vicinity on Wednesday, returning on Friday evening. He captured about one hundred prisoners on the way, and drove a party of the enemy through Thoroughfare Gap on Thursday, having encamped at White Plains on Wednesday night.

A train of five wagons, loaded with provisions and forage, sent from Centreville to Gen. Stahl, was captured near New Market by a party of North Carolina cavalry, on Tuesday.

The rebels are running trains to Bristow station.

Reports are continually coming into Gen. Sigel's headquarters, from deserters, that large parties of rebels are retiring from Winchester.

The War in Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 19.—(Special to the New York Herald.)—The rebel Gen. Morgan, with 1,000 cavalry, entered Lexington yesterday—our small force there retreating before him on our main force at Georgetown. Morgan found and paroled about 75 of our sick in the town. After remaining about three quarters of an hour he retreated toward Manchester, and afterwards moved in the direction of Frankfort.

Gen. Dumont, upon learning Morgan's presence, started in pursuit with one regiment of infantry in wagons, 1,000 cavalry, and one section of artillery. He overtook and defeated Morgan to-day, between Versailles and Frankfort, and is now in full pursuit of his scattered forces, moving towards Lawrenceburg. Morgan is now between Gen. Dumont and Gen. Buell, and it is thought he is not likely to escape. It is probable he is pushing for Mount Sterling, to join Humphrey Marshall.

One of Humphrey Marshall's regiments, consisting principally of Tennesseeans, deserted him *en masse* yesterday, and were brought into Paris by our cavalry.

Marshall's forces are said to be greatly demoralized and anxious to leave him.

No details of Morgan's defeat have been received.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 19.—Gen. Buell is reported just south of Mount Vernon. Gen. Crittenden's army corps is still further south, in pursuit of Gen. Bragg's rebel army. It is supposed that the rebels are aiming to cross into Tennessee by Big Creek and Wilson Creek Gaps. Gen. Buell is in close pursuit, and it is believed here that he will force the rebels to a fight, or capture a large portion of them before they reach Cumberland Gap.

The Perryville fight, at Chaplin Hills, was brought on prematurely and against the orders of Gen. Buell, whose plans for enveloping the whole of Bragg's army were thwarted, and his pursuit of the rebels delayed by that circumstance.

From Cairo.

CAIRO, Oct. 19.—The steamers Dickey and Continental were fired into near Island No. 21, last Wednesday, by a rebel battery of twelve pounders, which the rebels had planted on the shore. The Dickey was struck three times, but no one was hurt.

The Continental was struck twice, once just above the water line. The gunboat Pittsburg came up from Fort Pillow and shelled the woods and several suspicious places, but the rebels did not reply.

A Federal force, stationed on the Tennessee shore, opposite Island No. 10, was attacked by 400 rebels, under Faulkner, but owing to the darkness the rebels fired into each other, throwing them into confusion, when they retired, followed by our cavalry.

Eight were killed, and we captured 30 horses and several muskets. Faulkner, 3 captains, and 13 privates were taken prisoners and brought to Columbus last night. Our loss was 2 killed and 3 wounded.

The Grenada Appeal, of the 13th instant, ascribed the defeat at Corinth to the drunkenness of Van Dorn.

Information from Cape Girardeau says that 700 confederates, under Jeffries, attacked and captured the town of Commerce.

Occupation of Jacksonville, Florida.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—A letter from Jacksonville, Florida, states that on the arrival there of General Brannan, on the 5th inst., the town was found nearly deserted. It was occupied by the 7th Connecticut Regiment.

The rebel steamer Gov. Milton was captured by an expedition up the river.

The guns and ammunition captured at the taking of the river batteries, and also a large number of contrabands, who fled to our lines, had been sent to Hilton Head. General Brannan and his force had also returned, the gunboats being depended on to keep possession of the river.

Rebel Raid in Kansas.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 18.—Reliable information states that Quantrelle, with 200 men, made a raid on Shawneetown, Kansas, last night, burning the greater portion of the town, killing nine citizens and running off all the horses he could find. He passed Little Santa Fe, Mo., last evening about 7 o'clock, on his way to Kansas, returning from the same direction at 5 o'clock this morning. Considerable excitement prevails here.

Miscellaneous.

It is reported at Washington that there are no rebel troops in Fredericksburg, and that the citizens daily expect an attack from our army.

The rebels are reported to be very active in Mississippi County, Mo. The secesh inhabitants there flocking in large numbers to the rebel camp.

The rebel Gen. Price is reputed to be with a heavy force at Holly Springs, Missouri, and that he will make a demonstration on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

A steamer is reported to have run the blockade of Wilmington, N. C., with cotton for Nassau.

A new political organization, calling itself the Federal Union party, met in New York on Saturday evening and nominated Gen. John A. Dix for Governor.

CRADLE-TIME.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The glory of the sunset fades away
From the tall church-spires of the darkening town,
And on the waters of the western bay
The orange tints are sobering to brown.

This is the hour when the fond mother folds
Her infant closely to her pillowing breast,
And kissing off the little hand she holds,
Sings dreamily, and lulls her babe to rest.

For me, I hold all Fate has left to me,
—A little golden ripple of fair hair;—
I lay it on my bosom tenderly,
And try to think my baby nestles there.

Oh, golden hair! Where is the shining head,
The baby brow which once you used to crown?
The tender eyes, with all their love unsaid,
Into whose depths my yearning soul looked down?

Oh, happy mother! through your window there
I see you clasp and kiss your little child—
I see the clinging arms, the flossy hair—
And how, oh, how shall I be reconciled?

The small soft hands which tangled down my hair
Are folded from their play forevermore,—
The rosy feet which pattered here and there
Have danced their last across this silent floor.

The dainty robes are folded smooth and clean,—
The half-worn shoes stand empty, side by side,—
The basket that she heaped her playthings in
Lies half-filled, as she left it when she died.

The pot of flowers she carried to and fro,
Or placed among her toys upon the floor,
Thrives undisturbed; though fair the blossoms blow,
No sweet voice coaxes for them any more.

These are her finger marks upon the pane—
I guard them with a jealous carefulness;
And this dear pictured face still keeps its stain—
The misty halo of her frequent kiss.

And in these rooms where once her sweet voice rung,
Now soaring loud, now softly murmuring,
There floats the echo of a song half sung,—
The last my darling ever tried to sing.

But you, afush with happy motherhood,
Your child alive and warm upon your arm,
You look across, into my solitude,
And tell me I must be resigned and calm:—

That God is good and kind despite my grief;
That He has saved my babe from pain and woe,
And she is blest. Help Thou mine unbelief,
Oh, Healer! But I would that I could know

On what fair angel-bosom rests to-night
The tender cheek I touched so reverently—
What white-robed spirit robs me of my right,
And takes my baby's kiss away from me.

—*Portland Transcript.*

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

Our excursion to Pompeii was performed by railway, and occupied about an hour from Naples. On reaching the Pompeii station, a short walk brings us to the ruined city, which, contrary to general expectation, is found to be at an elevation above the level of the adjoining country. Destroyed in the first century, it was not till about 1750, that any one gave a thought concerning it, and this neglect appears the more surprising, when we are told that parts of several buildings remained prominent above the soil, having never been thoroughly entombed. An accidental discovery of painted remains having suggested a regular course of excavation, the process of opening up has been going on for upwards a century, but under great difficulties as to the disposal of the incumbent earth.

Proceeding up a winding and sloping pathway, cut through masses of rubbish, we come with startling abruptness on the silent and deserted city. A government officer is imposed on us as guide at the entrance, and, led by him, we suddenly find ourselves in a paved street environed by shattered walls, doorways, temples, and columns. Walking onwards, we make the circuit of the town so far as it is opened up. Going down one street and up another, crossing this way and that way, we are amazed at the extent which has been laid bare, though a much larger space remains to be cleared.

While there was much to surprise and delight—much to instruct and moralize over—I feel a reluctance to impose any account of what has been so often and so minutely described. A mere glance at the more remarkable features of the exhumed city will suffice. The guide having drawn attention to the fact of the city having had walls and gates, proceeds to point out a group of four magnificent ruins—the Forum, the Temples of Venus and Jupiter, and the Basilica, or Court of Justice. Adjoining are the ruins of the prisons, in which several skeletons in manacles were found. At a short distance is the ruin of the theatre, with some handsome columns still standing. The houses of distinguished individuals are also made the subject of special notice; such as of Sallust, Pansa, and the villa of Diomedes in a suburban street, outside the walls. In these and similar mansions of the patrican orders are noticed some remains of mosaics and frescoes, the greater part of such decorations having been removed, along with other objects of art, to the museum at Naples. The whole city has, in fact, been cleared of every moveable; and almost every place is as bare as is a house after a removal. The larger mansions have undoubtedly been magnificent, and in their successive courts we see the type of the modern Italian palazzo and French hotel. These superior dwellings extend considerably backward from the street, the access to them being generally by an entrance between the shops of tradesmen. All the shops are of those limited dimensions which are still common in Naples, Rome, and other Italian cities. They consist of an apartment about the size of a coach-house, the front having been wholly open, or with a counter partially running across. At night, all had been closed in with shutters. I do not think there had been any shop-windows. Some of the shops seem to have had one or two small apartments behind or above. In several instances, the stone counters are seen, with large earthenware jars as fixtures. A baker's oven, with remains of a grinding-mill, are shown in one of the shops; and from the skeleton of an ass having been found in a recess of this establishment, it is conjectured that the mill had been moved by that unfortunate animal.

From a variety of such disclosures, it is evident that business was conducted in a primitive sort of way in Pompeii; the grinding of grain into flour, and the baking and selling of bread having, as just seen, taken place all in one establishment. Till the present day, as I have already mentioned, things are little advanced beyond this in Rome. In some instances, we see the names of traders on the front of their shops, inscribed in Roman letters in so rough a style as to suggest that they had been executed unprofessionally with a stick or brush. Few buildings are believed to have been more than two stories in height. Generally, nothing remains above the first story, and accordingly the city looks like a collection of short stumps of walls, which for preservation, are clothed with tiles. In their entire state, the houses had flat roofs, a circumstance which hastened their destruction. On being excavated, skeletons were found in several houses, but not in great numbers; for as noticed by the younger Pliny in his account of the destruction of the city, the inhabitants generally fled to a distance for safety, many of them trying to shelter themselves from the shower of scorching ashes by carrying pillows on their heads. The skeletons found appear to have been chiefly those of ladies, who, perhaps, had not the courage or strength to escape. A number of them, when found, had on necklaces, bracelets, and rings of gold. One skeleton was found with a purse of money grasped in its bony hand; the attempt to secure the money having been the probable cause of death.

The streets are narrow, and paved with huge stones in the old Roman style; in some places they are greatly worn with wheels, and most irregular. Water had been brought into the town by subterranean conduits, which emptied into large stone troughs at the corners of certain streets; and from these public fountains dwellings were supplied by water-carriers. There are back-lanes in some of the streets, but no stables have yet been discovered. Possibly, horses were accommodated in the suburbs. One is pleased to see that the streets had trottoirs, a very curious fact, for it is only lately that side-pavements for foot-passengers have come into use on the continent, seemingly introduced from England. The forming of trottoirs had, therefore become a lost art in Italy, and in few towns are such useful appendages to a street yet employed. The trottoirs of Pompeii are about thirty inches wide, and raised a foot above the street; in some instances, they are laid with a common kind of mosaic. Corresponding with them in height, they are usually three fixed stepping-stones at the end of the street. It appears from this that Pompeii was subject to showers that temporarily deluged the streets, and it was therefore necessary to have means of crossing dry-shod. As wheel carriages were employed, it must have required dexterity in drivers to pilot their cattle and vehicles through the spaces between the stepping-stones.

The most perfect of all the public buildings laid bare is the amphitheatre, which is situated so far apart from the other excavations that we cross a field to reach it. This field lies above the still unexplored portion of the city, and it is here that those excavations are being actively carried out, of which notice has lately been taken by the press. A number of men were digging out the earth, which was carried away by women and girls in baskets, and deposited in trucks. These were run off in the usual manner, and emptied at a distance, forming a railway embankment in the direction of Vesuvius. By this improved process of removal, the excavations may be expected to go on rapidly. It is to be regretted, however, that the embankment crosses over the space which remains to be cleared out, and will have in turn to be removed. By the girls who were engaged in this toilsome labor, the hand was, according to custom, held out for a donation; and they would not have been indisposed to loiter at their work, but for the jealous watchfulness of a taskmaster, who was armed with a light whip to keep them in order. It would have been a hard heart that did not feel for them. The weather was intensely hot, and the fatigue of lifting and carrying basketfuls of earth from the deep excavations was apparently too much for these poor females.

We spent altogether about six hours in our perambulations over Pompeii; and having concluded by dining at the Hotel Diomede, a house of entertainment for tourists, a short way from the railway station, got pleasantly back to Naples by one of the evening trains.

W. C.

THE MINER'S CABIN.—We can comprehend the dreariness of hours accumulating in the miner's lonesome cabin down the glen. The fire burns cheerfully, but the sparks seem to drop like pound weights from the forestick. The silence outside is more oppressive than the altercations of wrathful storms. In spite of his resolutions, he thinks of his deserted fireside, and in imagination little plain-faced sisters grow to the comeliness of angels, and she whom perhaps he has addressed unkindly, folds her wasted arms about him, and in the unsearchable riches of a mother's love, whispers in the ear of his heart, "My son!"—*Trinity Journal.*

☞ A man should know when to laugh or smile in company. It shows much more stupidity to be grave at a good thing than to be merry at a bad one.

THE FEET.

From a first glance, or a superficial view, one might, perhaps, pronounce the feet the least honorable members of the human body. They are placed at the greatest distance from the brain, the special organ of the mind, the "nobler part" of man. They are the servants of all, the burden-bearers of the whole frame, formed to tread in the dust, and upon the stones and thorns of the earth's surface. But when the importance of their office is considered, their claim to attention and regard is readily established. What is a man without feet? A poor creature at best. He may have horses to ride, carriages to convey him about, steam cars, balloons, all the machinery which his skill and ingenuity can invent, as means of locomotion, and they are not for a moment to be compared in value to the *locomotive organs* which the Creator so simply and beautifully contrived. He may attempt to substitute the feet of other people for his own; he may have plenty of money, and be able to surround himself with servants, so that a score of nimble feet shall wait upon his wishes. His wishes may be anticipated; strong and willing arms may enable him to change his positions with the greatest readiness. Yet he will long and pine for nature's locomotive powers; he will feel poor with all his gold, and would gladly exchange it all for a pair of feet.

Artistically considered the feet are no mean portion of the human body. They are, certainly, the pedestal upon which the whole rests; but a fitting pedestal for the most graceful and beautiful form which adorns this fair earth. Looked at by themselves, their shape is admirable. Who has not held in his hand the foot of a little child, and gazed with delight upon its exquisite moulding? Viewed in their relation to the whole body and its activities, they are exceedingly beautiful. How wonderfully they are adapted to their use! Look at the child at its sports; look at the young girl as she skips over the lawn; at the man as he stands upon the ground and leaps into his saddle; at the dancer as she embodies in her movements the "poetry of motion!" Notice the strength, the elasticity, the easy turning of the foot, and say if it is not worthy of attention.

The feet hold very important *physiological* and *pathological* relations. A wiser maxim for the preservation of health was never given than that which enjoins upon persons the necessity of keeping the head cool and the feet warm. The latter is quite as important as the former. Indeed the circulation of the brain cannot be healthful, and perfectly carried on, unless the feet are kept warm. It may be truly said that if the feet are kept entirely healthy, no organ in the body can be unhealthy. For so intimate is the sympathy between all parts of the body, that no organ can be deranged without disturbing the circulation in the feet. If there is indigestion after a hearty dinner, the feet suffer; if the liver is disturbed, the feet suffer; if there is pressure upon the lungs, or if the bowels are inactive, or if the kidneys do not perform their office properly, the feet are sure to feel the reactionary influence unhealthfully. So if one will be sure to keep his feet in an entire state of health, he may be certain that he cannot be sick in any department of his system.

But the feet of almost every grown person in this country suffer from abuses put directly upon them. Health Reformers generally, give no such care to the feet as they deserve. They should be kept *clean*. They perspire more readily and freely than most other portions of the body, and the excreted matter ought to be removed by frequent washing. The stockings should be often changed. Everybody knows how much warmer clean stockings are than those which have been worn for some days. Where the feet perspire considerably, persons should have two pairs of stockings in wearing all the time, changing at midday, and allowing those which have been worn in the morning to become dry. All persons on removing their stockings at night, if they are to be resumed the next morning, should hang them up where they may become perfectly dry, and the perspired matters lodged in them may be, partially at least, removed by the air circulating through them. Cotton is the best material for stockings, worn next the feet, except it be in very warm weather, when linen may be more comfortable. In cool or cold weather, thick warm woolen stockings should be worn, but there should be between them and the skin thin cotton ones. People of sedentary habits particularly, do not take half pains enough to dress the feet warmly. The practice of sitting, either in sewing, knitting, writing, reading or studying, with the feet cold, is a fruitful cause of ill health. A more efficient means of producing cold feet could scarcely be contrived than that of wearing shoes made after the common fashion, and especially those worn by women. Not one woman in a hundred wears shoes large enough for her feet, and not one person in a thousand wears shoes the shape of which is at all fitted to a naturally shaped foot. Nobody in this country has ever attempted to make shoes to fit human feet. Shoemakers cannot be induced to make shoes which will allow the foot to take its natural form and position. The use of the shoe is simply to protect the foot against unpleasant or injurious contact with the ground or other substances, and to retain its heat, preventing its passing off too rapidly. It is not at all to give shape to the foot. The shape of the foot in the shoe should be precisely what it would be if no shoe were worn. That is the shape in which God made it, and it is infinitely more desirable, so far as beauty or use is concerned, than the form into which it is crowded by "civilized" shoes. The time will come in the progress of our race toward the millenium, when some man or woman will invent a shoe which will be fitted to the shape of the foot, and it will be very much better looking than the shoes which are now worn. Till then Health Reformers should insist, in giving their orders for boots or shoes, upon having them made so wide in the sole, as well as in the upper leather, as to give the foot ample room. Have a sole so wide that the entire foot will rest upon it, even if you have to carry back half a dozen pairs before you can get one to suit—and most shoemakers will have to try at least half a dozen times before they can believe that you mean what you say. *A tight shoe cannot be learnt.* Women are greatly at fault in this direction. Even in our Institution we find it exceedingly difficult to induce our feeble ladies to dress their feet at all properly. In the cool chilly autumn days they will persist in wearing thin, cotton stockings, and thin cloth shoes, so tight as to materially interfere with capillary circulation—so falsely educated in regard to physical life are women everywhere.

Garters do not come precisely under the head of clothing for the feet, but they are frequently so much concerned in the poor circulation of the feet, that they should be introduced here. By their pressure upon the blood vessels, particularly the veins as they pass up the leg, they intercept the free and natural flow of the blood, and so are in very large degree productive of coldness of the feet. The return of blood from the feet to the heart has to be performed in opposition to the law of gravitation, which makes all substances tend downward. Blood flows down hill as naturally as water; hence there is a special contrivance to carry it from the feet back into the trunk of the body. There are valves in nearly all of the veins of the body, but an unusual number in the veins of the legs, which open upward, or toward the heart, allowing the blood to pass freely in that direction, but shutting, if it sets backward, and thus preventing its return. But these valves are exceedingly delicate and can be broken down. Many a woman has worn her garters so tight as to retard the movement of the blood upward through the veins of the legs, to that degree that it has set back and overcome the resistance of the valves, thus destroying them, and causing that troublesome and painful difficulty, varicose veins. But where this extreme effect is not produced, almost universally the circulation is retarded so far as to disturb materially the healthful condition of the feet.

Let the student, the professional man, the seamstress, the teacher, see that their feet are kept in healthful conditions, and above all let the mother see to it that the feet of her children are kept warm, and they will have very greatly added securities for the preservation of their general health.—*Laws of Life.*

ORION.

Orion of the tropical heart and "lips of bearded bloom,"
The light of his ruddy face disperses the twilight gloom.

Orion of stalwart form in manhood's vigorous prime,
The words of his red lips fall like cadences of rhyme.

Grand in his full-limbed height as the strong and bearded lion,
Merry and athlete, tender and ardent Orion.

Bold and gentle of heart with voice of the wooing dove,
Warm on my passive lips are the kisses of his ardent love.

Orion the favored of Mars in valor and warlike might,
Type of the Orient clime—thou gallant and chivalrous knight.

Arise in the strength of manhood, Orion, and go forth,
Gird on the armor of battle, strike for freedom and the North.

Orion in glorious prime with the heart of the tropical South,
From his lips of "bearded bloom" left fond kisses on my mouth.

There is victory or death where flashes the gleam of his sword,
And his cry of freedom rings in the battle of the Lord.

—*N. Y. Atlas.*

PHYSICAL HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

Human nature is a unit. If one constituent of it be neglected, it will not be well with the rest. A sound heart and mind, in the highest sense, can be looked for only in a sound body. This is a truth of truths for mothers; for it is in early years that the foundations of a healthy prime must be laid. For this reason we hail with a special welcome such simple and homely publications as those issued by the Ladies' Sanitary Association. One of these introduces two sisters, Mary, or Mrs. Watson, and Susan, or Mrs. Hall—the former, a sound sanitarian, the mother of a healthy, vigorous boy; the latter, something the reverse, and mother of a very sickly child. "It isn't kind!" exclaimed this last to her sister, half smothering her own poor babe with kisses. "It's cruel to point me to that great, strong, healthy boy, and tell me to compare him with my sickly, pining child. I s'pose you think it wasn't Providence made one well and the other bad. Is it my fault if my baby's sick?"

"Yes, if you don't use the means God gives you for keeping it well. Five babies out of ten die because they are neglected. You keep your child up till midnight; you give him pie-crust, meat, suit pudding, anything; you seldom wash him; and all the clothes he wears by day are left on him at night, except his frock, and that you change for a night-gown, which smells quite sour."

To Susan the sting of all this was the truth of it. The sad fact came home to her heart that Willy, her little weakling, was fast sinking. She determined to hear more of the matter, and longed for the return of her sister's husband, who by-and-by came, and soon set forth the virtues of pure air and pure water, and vindicated Providence against the sluts and slovens, who brought typhus and cholera upon themselves and their children.

"You mean to say they bring disease upon themselves?" said Susan.

"Certainly; just as if they go without victuals, they will bring starvation. For by not washing their bodies, they let all the little holes in the skin, through which they ought to perspire, get choked with dirt; and by not scrubbing and white-washing their rooms, they encourage foul smells, and all kinds of filthiness. By having their windows shut, too, they keep in a lot of poisonous air, which they draw into their lungs over and over. I've heard our doctor lecture about it in the school-house; and I know more of the sense of it than you'd think."

"You could almost give a lecture yourself," said his sister-in-law.

"I'm giving one now, it seems," said Jonathan, "and I hope you'll remember it as well I do the doctor's. He said we ought to have our meals at proper times; good wholesome bread three times a day, and meat at dinner, when we could afford it. He thinks children are often hurt by being allowed to eat, at all hours, as fast as they like; and he declares that the mothers who don't wash their babies' clothes, air them well, and change everything as often as our Mary here, must never be surprised if they have soon to dress them in a shroud."

"He thinks your wife a pattern, then?" remarked Susan.

"Yes; though, of course, he didn't say so in the lecture. It was afterwards that he told me how much he liked her way of managing Johnny."

After further enlightenment, in the course of which Jonathan exposed the practice of mothers hugging their children in bed, with the not unfrequent result of actually suffocating them, Susan was, at length, sternly told by him that she must begin directly and take the trouble to go through what she had declared needless trifles with her little Willy, or "the boy must die."

The last word was spoken solemnly—so solemnly, that Susan Hall could not and dared not forget it. She did not sleep that night. The doctor's rules seemed to haunt her, and before the morning dawned she had resolved to follow them. It was a good resolution, and she kept it. The week which followed was a busy one, for rising with the sun, the hitherto careless mother toiled for her suffering child. By the sale of two or three trinkets—her husband's gifts in their days of hasty courtship—she contrived to obtain money for the purchase of new materials for garments, which she made up, after Johnny's patterns, in such a manner as to promote comfort and cleanliness; her sister supplied her with fresh milk, and taught her to make arrow-root and gruel. In ten or twelve days she began to see signs of amendment; in a fortnight, all danger was past. A daily bath, fresh air, wholesome food, clean linen, and regular hours had come to the rescue, and the mother's heart grew light as she felt that her child was plucked from the jaws of death. She had little thought of herself in that anxious time, except as the appointed guardian of a life that might yet be saved. At the close of her six weeks' sojourn with her sister she had her reward. Willy had come down into Devonshire a sallow, fretful, miserable weakling; he went back to London with hues of health upon his dainty skin—a bright-eyed, hungry, laughter-loving fellow.

His mother took him home, but not to shut him in a close room night and day, nor to shrink from the task of feeding, washing, and clothing him properly. The reformation begun in Devonshire was completed in London; and when, in the following summer, Mary Watson came to town to receive a legacy bequeathed to her by Lady A——, there was not a tidier wife and mother in England than Susan Hall.

May every woman who, like her, has endangered precious life by neglecting her little ones, be, like her, wise *in time*.

Another month, or week, or day, or hour, and it may be, alas! TOO LATE.

Mother, revere God's image in thy child!
No earthly gift thy parent arms enfold;
No mortal tongue as yet the worth hath told
Of that which in thy bosom, meek and mild,
Rests its weak head. Oh, not by sense beguiled,
Gaze on that form of perishable mould;
Though first by thee it lived, on thee it smiled,
Yet not for thee existence must it hold,
For God's it is—not thine. Thou art but one
To whom that happy destiny is given,
To see an everlasting life begun,
To watch the dawnings of a future heaven,
And to be such, in purity and love,
As best may win it to that life above!

THE GETTING UP OF NOVELS.

They say that all the works bearing Dumas's name are not written by him. Well? Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Ruben's pupils paint on his canvasses? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds? For myself, being also *du métier*, I confess I would often like to have a competent, respectable and rapid clerk for the business part of my novels. There is a great deal of carpenter's and joiner's work in novels which surely a smart professional hand might supply. A smart professional hand? I give you my word, there seem to me parts of novels—let us say the love-making, "the business," the villain in the cupboard, and so forth, which I should like to order John Footman to take in hand, as I desire him to bring the coals and polish the boots. Ask me to pop a robber under a bed, to hide a will which shall be forthcoming in due season, or at my time of life to write a namby-pamby love conversation between Emily and Lord Arthur! I feel ashamed of myself, and especially when my business compels me to do the love passages, I blush so, though quite alone in my study, that you would fancy I was going off in apoplexy.—*Mr. Thackeray, in the Cornhill Magazine.*

☞ Nothing dries so quick as a tear, and nothing fades so quick as a smile.

GONE BEFORE.

All day I sit amid his unused treasures,
With folded hands, and head upon my breast;
His broken toys—a mine of endless pleasures—
Scattered and heaped, just as he left them, rest;
And side by side, within the distant corner,
Placed as they left his feet,
Battered, and worn, and red, his little sandals
My aching vision greet.

I hear again his burst of childish laughter
Pulse softly on the amber-colored air,
The gay halloo that follows quickly after,
And then his footsteps on the nursery stair;
I hear his hand upon the knob slow turning—
Oh, nameless hopes and fears!
Within the doorway stands there not my darling?
I cannot see from tears.

Oh, breaking heart! cease in your vain endeavor;
From out earth's darkness and its bitter gloom,
He dwells with God, for ever and for ever,
In gardens where celestial roses bloom;
He walks with angels, and his seeming presence
Alone stands in the door!
Oh, heart, be strong! Not lost, the missing darling,
Not lost, but gone before!

HEARTRENDING SCENES.

Who shall describe, with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," in language that shall compress a volume into a sentence, a sentence into a word, the agony of mind and body, which is the hourly doom of the hundreds in our hospitals? Aged men and tender boys suffer alike. One youth, the very picture of manhood's budding beauty, has lost a foot or a leg and limps along upon his crutch. Another, with bandaged breast and brow, remembers the fatal bravery which inspired him on the battle-field, and weeps involuntarily, as he never wept before, at the sweet thought of home and mother. One touching incident we hear of—one that will draw tears to every eye, and thrill each bosom with a pang. Several charitable ladies lately visited one of the military hospitals. Every refreshment that could be furnished they supplied. Ice-cream was handed round, and the poor invalids eagerly partook of it. In one corner of the room, however, the spoon and saucer had not been touched. On the bed, by the little table containing them, lay a young boy, his features pale, his eyelids drooping. A lady gently fanning his fair forehead, softly whispered "the poor fellow is asleep, we must not disturb him."

"No, ma'am, I'm not asleep," he answered. It was a silvery voice, full of the sweetness of innocence and boyhood.

"Well, my little fellow," continued the lady, as she drew nearer, "are you not fond of ice-cream?"

"Very much so," he replied.

"Didn't you see me place this on your little table?" reaching for the plate of cream.

"Oh, yes," he answered, tremulously, "but I shut my eyes and cried to myself."

"Cried, my child? why, what made you cry, my dear?"

"Oh, madam! if you will pull the quilt down a little you will see."

The lady did see, and found that he had no arms! Both of them he had lost in battle.

Poor little fellow! the sympathy of silence and tears was all that could be bestowed upon his wounded spirit—the remembrance of sister and brother, of father and mother, of childish frolics and playmates loved of yore, was awakened to soothe the fancy of the little sufferer, and to wreath his brow with the still tenderer beauty of resignation to the will of God.

FRUIT A MEDICINE.

Ripe fruit is the medicine of nature. Nothing could be more wholesome for a man or child; and although green fruit is, of course, almost as fatal as so much poison, the ripe is fully as thorough a health restorative and health preserver. Strawberries are favorites with all classes, and constitute a popular luxury. But who can compute the amount of general health promoted by this relish for strawberries? Who can imagine how many pills that relish throws out of the market; or, in other words, to what extent these pills prepared by Mother Nature, and sugar-coated, as it were, to render them more palatable, crowd out of use those prepared by the chemist and the apothecary? Who can tell the number of disordered livers, deranged stomachs, and afflictive digestive apparatus generally, the grateful acid of that delicious fruit gradually restores to a sound condition, mocking at all the skill of the ablest physician, vindicating the simple laws of Hygeia by their radical action, and also teaching us how often a panacea for some of the most painful of human maladies lies directly at our feet, and is contemned because it is so unassuming?

After strawberries, we do homage especially to peaches and (in their season) grapes and melons. They are the kind of drugs that cost comparatively little and do comparatively much, when the patient is not too far gone for the use of such pleasant medicaments. We knew a person once who, believing himself in a decline, and having been completely worn out in patience by the experiments of his doctor determined to eat from four to six ripe apples every day, and note the result. In three months he was well! We know of another who, without being afflicted with any particular disorder, for twenty-five years could scarcely be said to enjoy a single week's exemption from suffering. He then commenced the habit of drinking a glass of plain cider every morning, and for the next twenty-five years never had a single day's illness. Such remedies are simple enough.

☞ The largest moth mentioned in sacred history,—Behe-*moth*. It appears from the query involved in the name, that it was questionable whether he was a moth or not.

OCTOBER.

BY LYDIA A. CALDWELL.

The year grows splendid! on the mountain steep
Now lingers long the warm and gorgeous light,
Dying by slow degrees into the deep
Delicious night.

The final triumph of the perfect year,
Rises the woods' magnificent array;
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear,
And slope away.

The elm, with musical, slow motion, laves
His long, lithe branches in the tender air;
While from his top the gay Bordello waves
Her scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her violets 'neath the fern,
Where summer's fingers oped, fold after fold,
The odorous, wild, red rose's heart, now burn
The leaves of gold.

The loftiest hill—the lowliest flowering herb—
The fairest fruit of season and of clime—
All wear alike the mood of the superb
Autumnal time.

Now nature pours her last and noblest wine!
Like some Bacchante beside the singing streams,
Reclines the enchanted Day, rapt in divine
Impassioned dreams.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast
Among the vales beyond the farthest hill,
There sits a shadow—dim, and sad, and vast—
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills—
A voice that mourns among the haunted woods,
And with the mystery of its sorrow fills
The solitudes.

For while gay Autumn gilds the fruit and leaf,
And doth her fairest festal garments wear,
Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty sheaf
Binds up the year.

The mighty sheaf which never is unbound!
The Reaper whom our souls beseech in vain!
The loved, lost years that never may be found,
Or loved again!

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

SHADOWED-FORTH EMBARRASSMENT.

The September afternoon sun streamed into the study at Verner's Pride, playing with the bright hair of Lionel Verner. His head was bending listlessly over certain letters and papers on his table, and there was a wearied look upon his face. Was it called up by the fatigue of the day? He had been out with some friends all the morning: it was the first day of partridge shooting, and they had begged well. Now Lionel was home again, had changed his attire, and was sitting down in his study—the old study of Mr. Verner. Or, was the wearied look, were the indented upright lines between the eyes, called forth by inward care?

Those lines were not so conspicuous when you last saw him. Twelve or fourteen months have elapsed since then. A portion of that time only had been spent at Verner's Pride. Mrs. Verner was restless; ever wishing to be on the wing; living but in gayety. Her extravagance was something frightful, and Lionel did not know how to check it. There were no children: there had been no signs of any: and Mrs. Verner positively made the lack into a sort of reproach, a continual cause for querulousness.

She had filled Verner's Pride with guests after their marriage—as she had coveted to do. From that period until early spring she had kept it filled, one succession of guests, one relay of visitors arriving after the other. Pretty, capricious, fascinating, youthful, Mrs. Verner was of excessive popularity in the county, and a sojourn at Verner's Pride grew to be eagerly sought. The women liked the attractive master; the men bowed to the attractive mistress, and Verner's Pride was never free. On the contrary, it was generally unpleasantly crammed: and Mrs. Tynn, who was a staid, old-fashioned housekeeper, accustomed to nothing beyond the regular, quiet household maintained by the late Mr. Verner, was driven to the verge of desperation.

"It would be far pleasanter if we had only half the number of guests," Lionel had said to his wife in the winter. He no longer remonstrated against *any*: he had given that up as hopeless. "Pleasanter for them, pleasanter for us, pleasanter for the servants."

"The servants!" ejaculated Sibylla. "I never knew before that the pleasure of servants was a thing to be studied."

"But their comfort is. At least I have always considered so, and I hope I always shall. They complain much, Sibylla."

"Do they complain to you?"

"They do. Tynn and his wife say they are nearly worked to death. They hint at leaving. Mrs. Tynn is continually subjected also to what she calls insults from your French maid. That of course I know nothing of; but it might be as well for you to listen to her on the subject."

"I cannot have Benoite crossed. I don't interfere in the household myself, and she does it for me."

"But, my dear, if you would interfere a little more, just so far as to ascertain whether these complaints have grounds, you might apply a remedy."

"Lionel, you are most unreasonable! As if I could be worried with looking into things! What are servants for? You must be a regular old bachelor to think of my doing it."

"Well—to go to our first point," he rejoined. "Let us try half the number of guests, and see how it works. If you do not find it better, more agreeable in all ways, I'll say no more about it."

He need not have said anything then. Sibylla would not listen to it. At any rate, would not act upon it. She conceded so far as to promise that she would not invite so many next time. But when that next time came, and the new sojourners arrived, they turned out to be more. Beds had to be improvised in all sorts of impossible places; the old servants were turned out of their chambers and huddled into corners; nothing but confusion and extravagance reigned. Against some of the latter Mrs. Tynn ventured to remonstrate to her mistress. Fruits and vegetables out of season; luxuries in the shape of rare dishes, many of which Verner's Pride had never heard of, and did not know how to cook—all of the most costly nature—were daily sent down from London purveyors. Against this expense Mary Tynn spoke. Mrs. Verner laughed good-naturedly at Tynn, and told her it was not her pocket that would be troubled to pay the bills. Additional servants were obliged to be had; and, in short, to use an expression that was much in vogue at Deerham about that time, Verner's Pride was going the pace.

This continued until early spring. In February Sibylla fixed her heart upon a visit to London; "of course," she told Lionel, "he would treat her to a season in town." She had never been to London in her life to stay. For Sibylla to fix her heart upon a thing, was to have it: Lionel was an indulgent husband.

To London they proceeded in February. And there the cost was great. Sibylla was not one to go to work sparingly in any way; neither, in point of fact, was Lionel. Lionel would never have been unduly extravagant; but, on the other hand, he was not accustomed to spare. A furnished house in a good position was taken; servants were imported to it from Verner's Pride; and there Sibylla launched into all the follies of the day. At Easter she set "her heart" upon a visit to Paris, and Lionel acquiesced. They remained there three weeks: Sibylla laying in a second stock of *toilettes* for Mademoiselle Benoite to rule over: and then they went back to London.

The season was prolonged that year. The house sat until August, and it was not until the latter end of that month that Mr. and Mrs. Verner returned to Verner's Pride. Though scarcely home a week yet, the house was filled again—filled to overflowing: Lionel can hear sounds of talking and laughter from the various rooms, as he bends over his table. He was opening his letters, three or four of which lay in a stack. He had gone out in the morning before the post was in.

Tynn knocked at the door and entered, bringing a note.

"Where's this from?" asked Lionel, taking it from the salver. Another moment, and he had recognized the hand-writing of his mother.

"From Deerham Court, sir. My lady's footman brought it. He asks whether there is any answer."

Lionel opened the note, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR LIONEL:—I am obliged to be a beggar again. My expenses seem to outrun my means in a most extraordinary sort of way. Sometimes I think it must be Decima's fault, and tell her she does not properly look after the household. In spite of my own income, your ample allowance, and the handsome remuneration received for Lucy, I cannot make both ends meet. Will you let me have two or three hundred pounds?

"Ever your affectionate mother,
"LOUISA VERNER."

"I will call on Lady Verner this afternoon, say, Tynn."

Tynn withdrew with the answer. Lionel leaned his brow upon his hand; the weary expression terribly plain just then.

"My mother shall have it at once—no matter what my own calls may be," was his soliloquy. "Let me never forget that Verner's Pride might have been hers all these years. Looking at it from our own point of view, my father's branch in contradistinction to my uncle's, it ought to have been hers. It might have been her jointure house now, had my father lived, and so willed it. I am *glad* to help my mother," he continued, an earnest glow lighting his face. "If I get embarrassed why I must get embarrassed; but she shall not suffer."

That embarrassment would inevitably come, if he went on at his present rate of living, he had the satisfaction of knowing beyond all doubt. That was not the worst point upon his conscience. Of the plans and projects that Lionel had so eagerly formed when he came into the estate, some were set afloat, some were not. Those that were most wanted—that were calculated to do the most real good—lay in abeyance; others, that might have waited, were in full work. Costly alterations were making in the stables at Verner's Pride, and the working man's institute at Deerham, reading-room, club—whatever it was to be—was progressing swimmingly. But the draining of the land near the poor dwellings was not begun, and the families, many of them, still herded in consort—father and mother, sons and daughters, sleeping in one room—compelled to it by the wretched accommodation of the tenements. It was on this last score that Lionel was feeling a pricking of conscience. And how to find the money to make these improvements now, he knew not. Between the building in progress and Sibylla, he was drained.

A MODEL TENT.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from "Frank Leslie," represents the tent of Major J. S. De Agredo, 90th regiment N. Y. volunteers, at Key West.

A circumstance had occurred that day to bring the latter neglect forcibly to his mind. Alice Hook—Hook the laborer's eldest daughter—had, as the Deerham phrase ran, got herself into trouble. A pretty child she had grown up amongst them—she was little more than a child now—good-tempered, gay-hearted. Lionel had heard the ill news the previous week on his return from London.—When he was out shooting that morning he saw the girl at a distance, and made some observation to his gamekeeper, Broom, to the effect that it had vexed him.

"Ay, sir, it's a sad pity," was Broom's answer; "but what else can be expected of poor folks that's brought up to live as they do—like pigs in a sty?"

Broom had intended no reproach to his master; such an impertinence would not have crossed his mind; but the words carried a sting to Lionel. He knew how many, besides Alice Hook, had had their good conduct undermined through the living "like pigs in a sty." Lionel had, as you know, a lively conscience; and his brow reddened with self-reproach as he sat and thought these things over. He could not help comparing the contrast: Verner's Pride, with its spacious bed-rooms, one of which was not deemed sufficient for the purposes of retirement, where two people slept together, but a dressing-closet must be attached; and those poor Hooks, with their growing-up sons and daughters, and but one room, save the kitchen, in their whole dwelling!

"I will put things on a better footing," impulsively exclaimed Lionel. "I care not what the cost may be, or how it may fall upon my comforts, do it I will. I declare I feel as if the girl's blight lay at my own door!"

Again he and his reflections were interrupted by Tynn.

"Roy has come up, sir, and is asking to see you."

"Roy! Let him come in," replied Lionel. "I want to see him."

It frequently happened, when agreements, leases, and other deeds were examined, that Roy had to be referred to. Things would turn out to have been drawn up, agreements made, in precisely the opposite manner to that expected by Lionel. For some of these, Roy might have received sanction: but, for many, Lionel felt sure Roy had acted on his own responsibility. This chiefly applied to the short period of the management of Mrs. Verner: a little, very little, to the latter year of her husband's life. Matiss was Lionel's agent during his absences: when at home, he took all management into his own hands.

Roy came in. The same ill-favored, hard-looking man as ever. The ostensible business which had brought him up to Verner's Pride, proved to be of a very trivial nature, and was soon settled. It is well to say "ostensible," because a conviction arose in Lionel's mind afterwards that it was but an excuse: that Roy made it a pretext for the purpose of obtaining an interview. Though why, or wherefore, or what he gained by it, Lionel could not imagine. Roy merely wanted to know if he might be allowed to put a fresh paper on the walls of one of his two upper rooms. He'd get the paper at his own cost, and hang it at his own leisure, if Mr. Verner had no objection.

"Of course I can have no objection to it," replied Lionel. "You need not have lost an afternoon's work, Roy, to come here to inquire that. You might have asked me when I saw you by the brick-field this morning.—In fact, there was no necessity to mention it at all."

"So I might, sir. But it didn't come into my mind at the moment to do so. It's poor Luke's room, and the missis she goes on continual about the state it's in, if he should come home. The paper's all hanging off in patches, sir, as big as my two hands. It have got damp through not being used."

"If it is in that state, and you like to find the time to hang the paper, you may purchase it at my cost," said Lionel, who was of too just a nature to be a hard landlord.

"Thank ye, sir," replied Roy, ducking his head. "It's well for us, as I often says, that you be our master at last, instead of the Mr. Massingbirds."

"There was a time when you did not think so, Roy, if my memory serves me rightly," was the rebuke of Lionel.

"Ah, sir, there's a old saying, 'Live and learn.' That was in the days when I thought you'd be a over strict master: we have got to know better now, taught from experience. It was a lucky day for the Verner Pride estate when that lost codicil was brought to light! The Mr. Massingbirds be dead, it is true, but there's no knowing what might have happened; the law's full of quips and turns. With the codicil found, you can hold your own again the world."

"Who told you anything about the codicil being found?" demanded Lionel.

"Why, sir, it was the talk of the place just about the time we heard of Mr. Fred Massingbird's death. Folks said, whether he had died or not, you'd have come in all the same. T'other day, too, I was talking of it to Lawyer Matiss, and he said what a good thing it was, that that there codicil was found."

Lionel knew that such a report, of the turning up of the codicil, had travelled to Deerham. It had never been contradicted. But he wondered to hear Roy say that Matiss had spoken of it. Matiss, himself, Tynn and Mrs. Tynn, were the only persons who could have testified that the supposed codicil was nothing but a glove. From the finding of that, the story had originally got wind.

"I don't know why Matiss should have spoken to you on the subject of the codicil," he remarked to Roy.

"It is not much that Matiss talks, sir," was the man's answer. "All he said was as he had got the codicil in safe keeping under lock and key. Just put to Matiss the simplest question, and he'll turn round and ask what business it is of yours."

"Quite right of him, too," said Lionel. "Have you any news of your son yet, Roy?"

Roy shook his head.

"No, sir. I'm a beginning to wonder now whether there ever will be news of him."

After the man had departed, Lionel looked at his watch. There was just time for a ride to Deerham Court before dinner. He ordered his horse, and mounted it, a cheque for three hundred pounds in his pocket.

He rode quickly, musing upon what Matiss had said about the codicil—as stated by Roy. Could the deed have been found?—and Matiss forgotten to acquaint him with it. He turned his horse down the Belvedere road, telling his groom to wait at the corner; and stopped before the lawyer's door. The latter came out.

"Matiss, is that codicil found?" demanded Lionel, bending down his head to speak.

"What codicil, Mr. Verner?" returned Matiss, looking surprised.

"*The* codicil. The one that gave me the estate. Roy was with me just now, and he said you stated to him that the codicil was found—that it was safe under lock and key."

The lawyer's countenance lighted up with a smile.

"What a meddler the fellow is! To tell you the truth, sir, it rather pleases me to mislead Roy; to put him on the wrong scent.—He comes pumping here, trying to get what he can out of me: asking this, asking that, fishing out anything there is to fish. I recollect he did say something about the codicil, and I replied 'Ay, it was a good thing it was found, and safe under lock and key.' He tries at the wrong handle when he comes pumping me."

"What is his motive for pumping at all?" returned Lionel.

"There's no difficulty in guessing at that, sir. Roy would give his two ears to get into place again: he'd like to fill the same post to you that he did to the late Mr. Verner. He thinks if he can hang about here and pick up any little bit of information, that may be let drop, and carry it to you, that it might tell in his favor. He would like you to discover how useful he could be. That is the construction I put upon it."

"Then he wastes his time," remarked Lionel, as he turned his horse. "I would not put power of any sort into Roy's hands, if he paid me in diamonds to do it. You can tell him so if you like, Matiss."

Arrived at Deerham Court, Lionel left his horse with his groom, and entered. The first person to greet his sight in the hall was Lucy Tempest. She was in white silk: a low dress, somewhat richly trimmed with lace, and pearls in her hair. It was the first time that Lionel had seen her since his return from London. He had been at his mother's once or twice, but Lucy did not appear. They met face to face. Lucy's turned crimson, in spite of herself.

"Are you quite well?" asked Lionel, shaking hands, his own pulses beating. "You are going out this evening, I see?"

He made the remark as a question, noticing her dress; and Lucy, gathering her senses about her, and relapsing into her calm composure, looked somewhat surprised.

"We are going to dinner to Verner's Pride—I and Decima. Did you not expect us?"

"I—did not know it," he was obliged to answer. "Mrs. Verner mentioned that some friends would dine with us this evening, but I was not aware that you and Decima were part of them. I am glad to hear it."

Lucy continued her way, wondering what sort of a household it could be where the husband remained in ignorance of his wife's expected guests. Lionel passed on to the drawing room.

Lady Verner sat in it. Her white gloves on her delicate hands as usual, her essence bottle and laced handkerchief beside her. Lionel offered her his customary fond greeting, and placed the cheque in her hands.

"Will that do, mother mine?"

"Admirably, Lionel. I am so much obliged to you. Things get behind-hand in the most unaccountable manner, and then Decima comes to me with a long face, and says here's this debt and that debt. It is quite a marvel to me how the money goes. Decima would like to put her accounts into my hands that I may look over them. The idea of my taking upon myself to examine accounts! But how it is she gets into such debt, I can't think."

Poor Decima knew only too well. Lionel knew it also; though, in his fond reverence, he would not hint at such a thing to his mother. Lady Verner's style of living was too expensive, and that was the cause.

"I met Lucy in the hall, dressed. She and Decima are coming to dine at Verner's Pride, she tells me."

"Did you not know it?"

"No. I have been out shooting all day. If Sibylla mentioned it to me, I forgot it."

Sibylla had not mentioned it. But Lionel would rather take any blame to himself, than suffer a shade of it to rest upon her.

"Mrs. Verner called yesterday, and invited us. I declined for myself. I should have declined for Decima, but I did not think it right to deprive Lucy of the pleasure, and she could not go alone. Ungrateful child!" apostrophized Lady Verner. "When I told her this morning I had accepted an invitation for her to Verner's Pride, she turned the color of scarlet, and said she would rather remain at home. I never saw so unsociable a girl; she never cares to go out, as it seems to me. I insisted upon it for this evening."

"Mother, why don't *you* come?"

Lady Verner half turned from him.

"Lionel, you must not forget our compact. If I visit your wife now and then, just to keep gossiping tongues quiet, from saying that Lady Verner and her son are estranged, I cannot do it often."

"Were there any cause why you should show this disfavor to Sibylla—"

"Our compact, our compact, my son! You are not to urge me upon this point, do you remember. I rarely break my resolutions, Lionel."

"Or your prejudices either, mother."

"Very true," was the equable answer of Lady Verner.

Little more was said. Lionel found the time drawing on, and left. Lady Verner's carriage was already at the door, waiting to convey Decima and Lucy Tempest to the dinner at Verner's Pride. As he was about to mount his horse, Peckaby passed by, rolling a wheel before him. He touched his cap.

"Well," said Lionel, "has the white donkey arrived yet?"

A contraction of anger, not, however, unmixed with mirth, crossed the man's face.

"I wish it would come, sir, and bear her off on't!" was his hearty response. "She's more a fool nor ever over it, a whining and a pining all day long, 'cause she ain't at New Jerusalem. She wants to be in Bedlam, sir; that's what she do! it 'ud do her more good nor t'other."

Lionel laughed, and Peckaby struck his wheel with such impetus that it went off at a tangent, and he had to follow it on the run.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE YEW-TREE ON THE LAWN.

The rooms were lighted at Verner's Pride; the blaze from the chandeliers fell on gay faces and graceful forms. The dinner was over, its scene "a banquet hall deserted;" and the guests were filling the drawing-rooms.

The centre of an admiring group, its chief attraction, sat Sibylla, her dress some shining material that glimmered in the light, and her hair confined with a band of diamonds. Inexpressibly beautiful by this light she undoubtedly was, but she would have been more charming had she less laid herself out for attraction. Lionel, Lord Garle, Decima, and young Bitterworth—he was generally called young Bitterworth, in contradistinction to his father, who was "old Bitterworth"—formed another group; Sir Rufus Hautley was talking to the Countess of Elmsley; and Lucy Tempest sat apart near the window.

Sir Rufus had but just moved away from Lucy, and for the moment she was alone. She sat within the embrasure of the window, and was looking on the calm scene outside. How different from the garish scene within! See the pure moonlight, side by side with the most brilliant light we earthly inventors can produce, and contrast them! Pure and fair as the moonlight looked Lucy, her white robes falling softly round her, and her girlish face wearing a thoughtful expression. It was a remarkably light night; the terrace, the green slopes beyond it, and the clustering trees far away, all standing out clear and distinct in the moon's rays. Suddenly her eye rested on a particular spot; she possessed a very clear sight, and it appeared to detect something dark there, which dark something had not been there a few moments before.

Lucy strained her eyes, and shaded them, and gazed again. Presently she turned her head, and glanced at Lionel. An expression in her eyes seemed to call him, and he advanced.

"What is it, Lucy? We must have a set of gallant men here to-night, to leave you alone like this!"

The compliment fell unheeded on her ear. Compliments from *him!* Lionel only so spoke to hide his real feelings.

"Look on the lawn, right before us," said Lucy to him, in a low tone. "Underneath the spreading yew tree. Do you not fancy the trunk looks remarkably dark and thick?"

"The trunk remarkably dark and thick?" echoed Lionel. "What do you mean, Lucy?" For he judged by her tone that she had some hidden meaning.

"I believe that some man is standing there. He must be watching us."

Lionel could not see it. His eyes had not been watching so long as Lucy's, consequently objects were less distinct.

"I think you must be mistaken, Lucy," he said. "No one would be at the trouble of standing there to watch us. It is too far off to see much, whatever may be their curiosity."

Lucy held her hands over her eyes, gazing attentively from beneath them.

"I feel convinced of it now," she presently said. "There is some one, and it looks like a man, standing behind the trunk, as if hiding himself. His head is pushed out on this side, certainly, as if he were watching these windows. I have seen the head move twice."

Lionel placed his hands in the same position, and took a long gaze.

"I do think you are right, Lucy!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I saw something move then. What business has any one to plant himself there?"

He stepped impulsively out as he spoke; the windows opened to the ground; crossed the terrace, descended the steps, and turned on the lawn, to the left hand. A minute, and he was up at the tree.

But he gained no satisfaction. The spreading tree, with its imposing trunk—which trunk was nearly as thick as a man's body—stood all solitary on the smooth grass, no living thing being near it.

"We must have been mistaken, after all," thought Lionel.

Nevertheless, he stood under the tree, and cast his keen glances around. Nothing could he see; nothing but what ought to be there. The wide lawn, the sweet flowers closed to the night, the remoter parts where the trees were thick, all stood cold and still in the white moonlight. But of human disturber there was none.

Lionel went back again, plucking a white geranium blossom and a sprig of sweet verbena on his way. Lucy was sitting alone, as he had left her.

"It was a false alarm," he whispered. "Nothing's there, but the tree."

"It was not a false alarm," she answered; "I saw him move away as you went on to the lawn. He drew back towards the thicket."

"Are you sure?" questioned Lionel, his tone betraying that he doubted whether she was not mistaken.

"Oh, yes, I am sure," said Lucy. "Do you know what my old nurse used to tell me when I was a child?" she asked, lifting her face to his. "She said I had the Indian sight, because I could see so far and so distinctly. Some of the Indians have the gift greatly, you know. I am quite certain that I saw the object—and it looked like the figure of a man—go swiftly away from the tree across the grass. I could not see him to the end of the lawn, but he must have gone into the plantation. I daresay he saw you coming towards him."

Lionel smiled.

"I wish I had caught the spy. He should have answered to me for being there. Do you like verbena, Lucy?"

He laid the verbena and geranium on her lap, and she took them up mechanically.

"I do not like spies," she said, in a dreamy tone. "In India they have been known to watch the inmates of a house in the evening, and to bowstring one of those they were watching, before the morning. You are laughing! Indeed, my nurse used to tell me tales of it."

"We have no spies in England—in that sense, Lucy. When I used the word spy, it was with no meaning attached to it. It is not impossible but it may be a sweetheart of one of the maid-servants, come up from Deerham for a rendezvous. Be under no apprehension."

At that moment, the voice of his wife came ringing through the room.

"Mr. Verner!"

He turned to the call. Waiting to say another word to Lucy, as a thought struck him.

"You would prefer not to remain at the window, perhaps. Let me take you to a more sheltered seat."

"Oh, no, thank you," she answered impulsively. "I like being at the window. It is not of myself that I was thinking."

And Lionel moved away.

"Is it not true that the fountains at Versailles played expressly for me?" eagerly asked Sibylla, as he approached her. "Sir Rufus won't believe that they did. The first time we were in Paris, you know."

Sir Rufus Hautley was by her side then. He looked at Lionel.

"They never play for private individuals, Mr. Verner. At least, if they do, things have changed."

"My wife thought they did," returned Lionel, with a smile. "It was all the same."

"They did, Lionel; you know they did," vehemently asserted Sibylla. "De Coigny told me so; and he held authority in the Government."

"I know that De Coigny told you so, and that you believed him," answered Lionel, still smiling. "I did not believe him."

Sibylla turned her head away petulantly from her husband.

"You are saying it to annoy me. I'll never appeal to you again. Sir Rufus, they did play expressly for me."

"It may be bad taste, but I'd rather see the waterworks at St. Cloud than at Versailles," observed a Mr. Gordon, some acquaintance that they had picked up in town, and to whom it had been Sibylla's pleasure to give an invitation. "Cannonby wrote me word last week from Paris—"

"Who?" sharply interrupted Sibylla.

Mr. Gordon looked surprised. Her tone had betrayed something of eager alarm, not to say terror.

"Captain Cannonby, Mrs. Verner. A friend of mine just returned from Australia. Business took him to Paris as soon as he landed."

"Is he from the Melbourne port? Is his christian name Lawrence?" she reiterated, breathlessly.

"Yes—to both questions," replied Mr. Gordon.

Sibylla shrieked, and lifted her handkerchief to her face. They gathered round her in consternation. One offering smelling-salts, one running for water. Lionel gently drew the handkerchief from her face. It was white as death.

"What ails you, my dear?" he whispered.

She seemed to recover her equanimity as suddenly as she had lost it, and the color began to come into her cheeks again.

"His name—Cannonby's—puts me in mind of those unhappy days," she said, not in the low tone used by her husband, but aloud—speaking, in fact to all around her. "I did not know Captain Cannonby had returned. When did he come, Mr. Gordon?"

"About eight or nine days ago."

"Has he made his fortune?"

Mr. Gordon laughed.

"I fancy not. Cannonby was always of a roving nature. I expect he got tired of the Australian world before fortune had time to find him out."

Sibylla was soon deep in her flirtations again. It is not erroneous to call them so. But they were innocent flirtations—the result of vanity. Lionel moved away.

Another commotion. Some great, long-legged fellow, without ceremony or warning, came striding in at the window close to Lucy Tempest. Lucy's thoughts had been buried—it is hard to say where, and her eyes were strained to the large yew-tree upon the grass. The sudden entrance startled her, albeit she was not of a startlish temperament. With Indian bow-strings in the mind, and fancied moonlight spies before the sight, a scream was inevitable.

Who should it be but Jan! Jan, of course. What other guest would be likely to enter in that unceremonious fashion? Strictly speaking, Jan was not a guest—at any rate, not an invited one.

"I had got a minute to spare this evening, so thought I'd come up and have a look at you," proclaimed unfashionable Jan, to the room, but principally addressing Lionel and Sibylla.

And so Jan had come, and stood there without the least shame in drab trowsers and a loose, airy coat, shaking hands with Sir Rufus, shaking hands with anybody who would shake hands with him. Sibylla looked daggers at Jan, and Lionel cross. Not from the same cause. Sibylla's displeasure was directed to Jan's style of evening costume; Lionel felt vexed with him for alarming Lucy. But Lionel never very long retained displeasure, and his sweet smile stole over his lips as he spoke,

"Jan, I shall be endorsing Lady Verner's request—that you come into a house like a Christian—if you are to startle ladies in this fashion."

"Whom did I startle?" asked Jan.

"You startled Lucy."

"Nonsense! Did I, Miss Lucy?"

"Yes, you did a little, Jan," she replied.

"What a stupid you must be!" retorted gallant Jan. "I should say you want doctoring, if your nerves are in that state. You take—"

"Oh, Jan, that will do," laughed Lucy. "I am sure I don't want medicine. You know how I dislike it."

They were standing together within the large window, Jan and Lionel, Lucy sitting close to them. She sat with her head a little bent, scenting her verbena.

"The truth is, Jan, I and Lucy have been watching some intruder who had taken up his station on the lawn, underneath the yew-tree," whispered Lionel. "I suppose Lucy thought he was bursting in upon us."

"Yes, I did really think he was," said Lucy, looking up with a smile.

"Who was it?" asked Jan.

"He did not give us the opportunity of ascertaining," replied Lionel. "I am not quite sure, mind, that I did see him; but Lucy is positive upon the point. I went to the tree, but he had disappeared. It is rather strange who it could be, and why he was watching."

"He was watching this room attentively," said Lucy, "and I saw him move away when Mr. Verner went on the lawn. I am sure he was a spy of some sort."

"I can tell you who it was," said Jan. "It was Roy."

"Roy?" repeated Lionel. "Why do you say this?"

"Well," said Jan, "as I turned in here, I saw Roy cross the road to the opposite gate. I don't know where he could have sprung from, except from these grounds. That he was neither behind me nor before me as I came up the road, I can declare."

"Then it was Roy!" exclaimed Lionel. "He would have had about time to get into the road, from the time we saw him under the tree. That the fellow is prying into my affairs and movements, I was made aware of to-day; but why he should watch my house I cannot imagine. We shall have an account to settle, Mr. Roy!"

Decima came up, asking what private matter they were discussing, and Lionel and Lucy went over the ground again, acquainting her with what had been seen. They stood together in a group, conversing in an undertone. By-and-by, Mrs. Verner passed, moving from one part of the room to another, on the arm of Sir Rufus Hautley.

"Quite a family conclave!" she exclaimed, with a laugh. "Decima, however much you may wish for attention, it is scarcely fair to monopolize that of Mr. Verner in his own house. If he forgets that he has guests present, you should not help him in the forgetfulness."

"It would be well if all wished for attention as little as does Miss Verner," exclaimed Lord Garle. His voice rang out to the ends of the room, and a sudden stillness fell upon it: his words may have been taken as a covert reproof to Mrs. Verner. They were not meant as such. There was no living woman of whom Lord Garle thought so highly as he thought of Decima Verner; and he had spoken in his mind's impulse.

Sibylla believed that he had purposely flung a shaft at her. And she flung one again—not at him, but at Decima. She was of a terribly jealous nature, and could bear any reproach to herself, better than that another woman should be praised beside her.

"When young ladies find their charms have been laid out in vain, wasted on the desert air, they naturally do covet attention, although it be but a brother's. Poor Decima's growing into an old maid: of course she cannot help the neglect, and may be excused for being sore upon the point."

Perhaps the first truly severe glance that Lionel Verner ever gave his wife he gave her then. Disdaining any defence of his sister, he stood, haughty, impassive, his lips drawn in, his eyes fixed sternly on Sibylla. Decima remained quiet under the insult, save that she flushed scarlet. Lord Garle did not. Lord Garle spoke up again, in the impetuosity of his open, honest nature.

"I can testify that Miss Verner might have ceased to be Miss Verner long ago had she so willed it. You are mistaken in your premises, Mrs. Verner."

The tone was pointedly significant, the words were unmistakably clear, and the room could not but become enlightened to the fact that Miss Verner might have been Lady Garle. Sibylla laughed a little laugh of disbelief, as she went onwards with Sir Rufus Hautley; and Lionel remained enshrined in his terrible mortification. That his wife should so have forgotten herself!

"I must be going off," cried Jan, good-naturedly interrupting the unpleasant silence.

"You have not long come," said Lucy.

"I didn't leave word where I was coming, and somebody may be going dead while they are scouring the parish for me. Good-night to you all; good-night, Miss Lucy."

With a nod to the room, away went Jan as unceremoniously as he had come; and, not very long afterwards, the first carriage drew up. It was Lady Verner's. Lord Garle hastened to Decima, and Lionel took out Lucy Tempest.

"Will you think me very foolish if I say a word of warning to you?" asked Lucy in a low tone, as they reached the terrace.

"A word of warning to me, Lucy!" Lionel repeated. "Of what nature?"

"That Roy is not a good man. He was greatly incensed at your putting him out of his place when you succeeded to Verner's Pride, and it is said that he cherishes vengeance. He may have been watching to-night for an opportunity to injure you. Take care of him."

Lionel smiled as he looked at her. Her up-turned face looked pale and anxious in the moonlight. Lionel could not receive the fear at all: he would as soon have thought to dread the most improbable thing imaginable, as to dread this sort of violence, whether from Roy, or from any one else.

"There's no fear whatever, Lucy."

"I know you will not see it for yourself, and that is the reason why I am presumptive enough to suggest the idea to you. Pray be cautious! pray take care of yourself!"

He shook his head laughingly as he looked down upon her.

"Thank you heartily all the same for your consideration, Lucy," said he, and for the very life of him he could not help pressing her hand warmer than was needful as he placed her in the carriage.

They drove away. Lord Garle returned to the room; Lionel stood against one of the outer pillars, looking forth on the lovely moonlight scene. The part played by Roy—if it was Roy—in the night's doings disturbed him not; but that his wife had shown herself so entirely unlike a lady did disturb him. Bitterly did she stand out that night to his mind, in contrast to Lucy. He turned away, after some minutes, with an impatient movement, as if he would fain throw remembrance and vexation from him. Lionel had himself chosen his companion in life, and none knew better than he that he must abide by it; none could be more firmly resolved to do his full duty by her in love. Sibylla was standing outside the window alone. Lionel approached her, and gently laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Sibylla, what caused you to show agitation when Cannonby's name was mentioned?"

"I told you," answered Sibylla. "It is dreadful to be reminded of that miserable time. It was Cannonby, you know, who buried my husband."

And before Lionel could say more, she had shaken his hand from her shoulder, and was back amidst her guests.

Jan had said somebody might be going dead while the parish was being scoured for him: and, in point of fact, Jan found, on reaching home, that that undesirable consummation was not unlikely to occur. But we must leave Jan, and make an evening call upon Mrs. Duff.

Mrs. Duff stood behind her counter, sorting silks. Not rich piece silks that are made into gowns; Mrs. Duff's shop did not aspire to that luxurious class of goods; but humble skeins of mixed sewing silks, that were kept tied up in a piece of wash-leather. Mrs. Duff's head and a customer's head were brought together over the bundle, endeavoring to fix upon a skein of a particular shade, by the help of the one gas-burner which flared away over head.

"Drat the silk!" said Mrs. Duff at length. "One can't tell which is which, by candle-light. The green looks blue, and the blue looks green. Look at them two skeins, Polly: which is the green?"

Miss Polly Dawson, a showy damsel with black hair and cherry-colored net at the back of it—one of the family that Roy was pleased to term the ill-doing Dawsons, took the two skeins in her hand.

"Blest if I can tell!" was her answer. "It's for doing up mother's green silk bonnet, so it won't do to take blue. You be more used to it nor me, Mrs. Duff."

"My eyes never was good for sorting silks by this light," responded Mrs. Duff. "I'll tell you what, Polly; you shall take 'em both. Your mother must take the responsibility of fixing on it herself, or let her keep 'em till the morning and fix on the right then. She should have sent by daylight. You can bring back the one you don't use to-morrow; but mind you keep it clean."

"Wrap 'em up," curtly returned Miss Polly Dawson.

Mrs. Duff was proceeding to do so, when some tall thin form, bearing a large bundle, entered the shop in a fluster. It was Mrs. Peckaby. She sat herself down on the only stool the shop contained, and let the bundle slip to the floor.

"Give a body leave to rest a bit, Mother Duff! I be turned a'most inside out."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Duff, while Polly Dawson surveyed her with a stare.

"There's a white cow in the pound. I can't tell ye the turn it give me, coming sudden upon it. I thought nothing less, at first glance, but it was the white quadruple."

"What! hasn't that there white donkey come yet?" demanded Polly Dawson; who, in conjunction with sundry others of her age and sex in the village, was not sparing of her free remarks to Mrs. Peckaby on the subject, thereby aggravating that lady considerably.

"You hold your tongue, Polly Dawson, and don't be brazen, if you can help it," rebuked Mrs. Peckaby. "I was so took aback for the minute, that I couldn't neither stir nor speak," she resumed to Mrs. Duff. "But when I found it was nothing but an old strayed wretch of a pounded cow, I a'most dropped with the disappointment. So I thought I'd come back here and take a rest. Where's Dan?"

"Dan's out," answered Mrs. Duff.

"Is he? I thought he might have took this parcel down to Sykes's, and saved me the sight o' that pound again and the deceiver in it. It's just my luck!"

"Dan's gone up to Verner's Pride," continued Mrs. Duff. "That fine French madmizel, as rules there, come down for some trifles this evening, and took him back with her to carry the parcel. It's time he was back, though, and more nor time. 'Twasn't bigger neither nor a farthing bun, but 'twas too big for *her*. Isn't it a getting the season for you to think of a new gownd, Mrs. Peckaby?" resumed Mother Duff, returning to business. "I have got some beautiful winter stuffs in."

"I hope the only new gownd as I shall want till I gets to New Jerusalem, is the purple one I've got prepared for it," replied Mrs. Peckaby. "I don't think the journey's far off. I had a dream last night as I saw a great crowd o' people dressed in white, a coming out to meet me. I look upon it as it's a token that I shall soon be there."

"I wouldn't go out to that there New Jerusalem if ten white donkeys come to fetch me!" cried Polly Dawson, tossing her head with scorn. "It *is* a nice place, by all that I have heard! Them saints—"

A most appalling interruption. Snorting, moaning, sobbing, his breath coming in gasps, his hair standing up on end, his eyes starting, and his face ghastly, there burst in upon them Master Dan Duff. That he was in the very height of terror, there could be no mistaking. To add to the confusion, he flung his arms out as he came in, and his hand caught one of the side panes of glass in the bow window and shattered it, the pieces falling among the displayed wares. Dan leaped in, caught hold of his mother with a spasmodic howl, and fell down on some bundles in a corner of the small shop.

Mrs. Duff was dragged down with him. She soon extricated herself, and stared at the boy in very astonishment. However inclined to play tricks out of doors, Mr. Dan never ventured to do it in. Polly Dawson stared. Susan Peckaby, forgetting New Jerusalem for once, sprang off her stool and stared. But that his terror was genuine, and Mrs. Duff saw that it was, Dan had certainly been treated then to that bugbear of his domestic life—a "basting."

"What has took you now?" sharply demanded Mrs. Duff, partly in curiosity, partly in wrath.

"I see'd a dead man," responded Dan, and he forthwith fell into convulsions.

They shook him, they pulled him, they pinched him. One laid hold of his head, another of his feet; but make nothing of him, could they. The boy's face was white, his hands and arms were twitching, and froth was gathering on his lips. By this time the shop was full.

"Run across, one of you," cried the mother, turning her face to the crowd, "and see if you can find Mr. Jan Verner."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A friend of ours a detective, tells us that in the course of his recent visits to gambling dens of the city, a kind of overture to the grand descent, he saw the following new dodge played. He, pretending to be from the country, was taken in tow by a decoy, and at last taken one night to the hell. He lost some twenty dollars, and then, pretending to get heated, ripped out an oath and swore "he didn't think the cards were all right." The decoy, as if on his side as a friend, instantly pulled open the drawer of the table, raked into it all the cards on the table, and, shutting it, said: "Now, sir, I'll prevent these gentlemen interfering while you count over the pack." Of course all the suits were perfect. It is needless to add that the missing cards had been in the drawer all the time.—*New York Paper.*

☞ The rebels, in their flight from Rosecrans, did not seek refuge in any mountain gorge, but relied chiefly for safety upon a fastness.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Manchester (N. H.) American of the 14th inst., contains the following:

"A gentleman by the name of James M. Smith, a native of the eastern part of the state, has just arrived in this city, direct from the interior of North Carolina. He has resided in that section for the last seven years, and had previously lived eight years in other parts of the South. He escaped to the Union lines at Newbern. Mr Smith states that the Proclamation of President Lincoln has produced the greatest consternation among the large slaveholders of that portion of the state. Indeed, so great is their terror that a large body of them have united in a petition to the Governor, imploring him to use his influence with the Confederate Government to secure the return of the troops belonging to that state, in order that they may be protected from a slave insurrection, which they believe to be imminent. The Governor has also been requested to call a convention of the people, to take measures to bring the state back into the Union, that they might avail themselves of the offers contained in the proclamation. He says that as soon as it was known that the proclamation had been issued, measures were taken to prevent any more of the soldiers raised there by conscription, from leaving the state. He is of the opinion that in a very short time the proclamation will be known to the slaves in every nook and corner of the state. Mr. Smith also declares that the more intelligent of the non-slaveholders in that locality are greatly rejoiced that the emancipation policy has been adopted by the Federal Government. They believe that the abolition of slavery will be of immense benefit to them, as it will give dignity and respectability to labor."

In addition to the above we may state that Col. A. K. McClure, of Chambersburg, Pa., who was charged by his fellow-citizens with the duty of making terms with the rebel cavalry on the occasion of their recent raid to that place, and had a good many of them to coffee in his house—coffee being a rarity to them—writes to a Philadelphia friend a kindly account of their visit, and of his free conversations with them. He says:

"When told that I was a decided Republican, they thanked me for being candid; but when, in reply to their inquiries, I told them that I cordially sustained the President's Emancipation Proclamation, they betrayed a little nervousness, but did not for a moment forget their propriety. *They admitted it to be the most serious danger that has yet threatened them, but they were all hopeful that it would not be sustained in the North with sufficient unanimity to enforce it.*"

THE DISMISSAL OF MAJOR KEY.

The record upon which Major John J. Key was dismissed from the military service of the United States is as follows:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 26, 1862.

Major John J. Key—*Sir*:—I am informed that in answer to the question, "Why was not the rebel army bagged immediately after the battle near Sharpsburg?" propounded to you by Major Levi C. Turner, Judge-Advocate, etc., you answered, "That is not the game. The object is that neither army shall get much advantage of the other, that both shall be kept in the field till they are exhausted, when we will make a compromise and save slavery." I shall be very happy if you will, within twenty-four hours from the receipt of this, prove to Major Turner that you did not, either literally or in substance, make the answer stated.

Yours, A. LINCOLN.

This is indorsed as follows:—

"Copy delivered to Major Key at 10:25 A. M., Sept. 27, 1862. JOHN HAY."

At about 11 o'clock A. M., Sept. 27, 1862, Major Key and Major Turner appeared before me. Major Turner says:—"As I remember it, the conversation was, I asked the question why we did not bag them after the battle of Sharpsburg. Major Key's reply was, 'That was not the game, that we should tire the rebels out and ourselves.' That that was the only way the Union could be preserved. We must come together fraternally, and slavery be saved. On cross-examination Major Turner says he has frequently heard Major Key converse in regard to the present troubles and never heard him utter a sentiment unfavorable to the maintenance of the Union. He has never uttered anything which he (Major T.) would call disloyalty. The particular conversation detailed was a private one. A. LINCOLN.

Indorsed on the above is:—In my view it is wholly inadmissible for any gentleman holding a military commission from the United States to utter such sentiments as Major Key is within proved to have done. Therefore let Major Key be forthwith dismissed from the military service of the United States.

A. LINCOLN.

The foregoing is the whole record except the simple order of the dismissal at the War Department. At the interview of Major Key and Major Turner with the President, Major Key did not attempt to controvert the statement of Major Turner, but simply insisted and sought to prove that he was true to the Union. The substance of the President's reply was, that if there was a "game" even among Union men to have our army not to take an advantage of the enemy when it could, it was his object to break up that game.

SHAMEFUL WASTE IN THE ARMY.—An army correspondent makes the following record of waste in the army of the Potomac:—There is food for reflection in the enormous waste of provisions by an army, exceeding by far the consumption of the same number of men at home. A contemplation of the various camping grounds vacated by Burnside's army corps during the present week would present a fair illustration. In all the camps the waste was more or less great; but within my limited view, that of the Ninth New Hampshire regiment was the greatest. There, in one spot, I saw fresh meat enough to compose a good sized calf which was not in the least spoiled, several barrels of salt beef and pork, and boxes of crackers which I had not time to count. Many of these were open, and had but a small portion of their contents abstracted. Others were in piles, and had not been opened at all.

Thus, while thousands in the army are often hungry, other thousands are wasting the food provided for them in the most disgraceful manner. Where are the Quartermasters?

HORSES.—We learn that, since Pope fell back on Washington, ten thousand horses have been supplied to the army of the Potomac, though more are still required. This fact demonstrates the tremendous consumption of horseflesh in carrying on the war. We have seen enough of military treatment of horses to comprehend the great waste of them in the field, and the pressing necessity for some change that will put a stop to much of it. We are assured that the Quartermaster's Department has no fixed price which it pays for army horses, and is buying all that are offered at fair prices. Knowing that it has not yet obtained all that are pressingly required, we trust that the offers on the part of the dealers in army horses may be quickly and considerably increased.—*Washington Star.*

REBEL ITEMS.

THE Atlanta (Ga) Intelligencer states that a party of speculators not long since bought 7,000 head of beef cattle in Texas with counterfeit "Confederate" notes, which they drove East and disposed of in Mississippi. The Intelligencer says "the energy of these fellows has done the Confederacy some good by bringing into it 7,000 head of good beef cattle!"

THE rebel Senate were recently engaged in considering a bill to authorize Jeff. Davis & Co. to take by force anybody's cotton or tobacco they might require to sell to raise money on for use abroad. The signs were that it will pass the body.

THE Examiner is out in favor of a rebel "National Bank," as a remedy for the financial troubles of Dixie.

THE Richmond Dispatch waxes furious over the offer of Garibaldi to fight for the Union, and calls him a "played-out European Brigand."

THE rebel papers are still exercised upon the subject of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. The Richmond Examiner of the 11th says:

"It is the imperative interest of every slave owner, living along the northern borders of the Confederacy, and adjacent to our navigable water courses to *immediately* transfer his slaves to some portion of the interior, behind the permanent lines of our army. But the food necessary to subsist them is one great difficulty in the way of such transfers. To obviate this, our government should offer employment for slave labor to those farmers from the border and watercourses, which will enable them to support their slaves in the interior. Transportation is another difficulty which prevents this removal. This might, to a very great extent, be obviated, if the government would permit its wagons, returning empty from our army, to aid the people in removing their effects. Whatever is done in this matter should be undertaken immediately, as delay may entirely defeat the object and cause the loss of millions of dollars to our cause. The proclamation of Lincoln is a *notice to quit*, served upon the border people of the Confederacy, and should be immediately acted upon. Whether the government acts or not, we hope the people will take warning, and hasten to remove every slave from the border to the interior."

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE REBEL RAID.—A gentleman who has just returned from the borders of the state relates the following:—After the rebel cavalry left Chambersburg, on their way towards Gettysburg, when about twelve miles distant from the former place, they met a large funeral procession, which they ordered to come to a halt. Dismounting from their own horses, they selected *forty-three* of the best horses in the procession, and among them *the horse attached to the hearse.* No violence was used; but, to the contrary, the greatest politeness was displayed towards the surprised mourners. At length one of the funeral escort demanded to know by whose orders their horses were thus taken. The reply was, "By order of Gen. McClellan; they are wanted for the army." As soon as the funeral horses were properly secured by their captors, they pursued their way to the Potomac, leaving the afflicted friends to find their way with the corpse to the place of burial as they best might.

HOW BODIES ARE EMBALMED.—Embalming, which is coming much into practice of late, is thus described:—

The modern embalmer finds an artery into which he can place the nozzle of an injecting syringe. The artery in the upper part of the arm called the brachial, or the artery in the neck, the carotid, answers the purpose.—Into this artery the embalming fluid, consisting of alum, or corrosive sublimate is injected, until it permeates every structure; the solution sometimes retains its fluidity, sometimes it is so constituted that while it is warm in the fluid, on cooling it sets and becomes more or less hard. After the injection the artery is closed, the opening through the skin is neatly sewn up, and the operation is complete. Great numbers of the officers of the army who have fallen in the engagements in Virginia have been embalmed in this manner by Dr. Holmes of Brooklyn, and sent home to their relatives.

WHERE SHALL WE TRY GARIBALDI?

Where shall we try Garibaldi?

Find us some Italian town
Not alive with his renown,
Where the air is not in flame
With the splendor of his name,
Where the pavement on the street
Would not stir to kiss his feet:
Not till such a place is found
Try him on Italian ground!

What men shall judge Garibaldi?

Seek for men in Italy,
Who can neither hear nor see,
Through whose heart the trumpet-blast
Of his story never pass'd;
Men whose honor is unstained
When this TRAITOR stands arraigned—
Find us such—but not till then
Try him by Italian men!

☞ A handful of flour bound on a wound will prevent the blood from flowing. Thousands of men who have bled to death on the battle-field, would have been saved if they had had a handful of flour in their sacks, and bound it on their wound with their handkerchief.

☞ The essays of the late Mr. Buckle, are about to be collected and published in a volume. It is said that the unpublished essays relate more exclusively to political economy than their authors great work on the "History of Civilization."

☞ Ancient historians have been remiss in stating the cause for the summary death of Cock Robin. It has now been conceded by learned savants, that the sparrow shot him because he was a robbin.

☞ TOUCHING REBUKE.—The celebrated La Motte, who had lost his eyesight, being one day in a crowd, accidentally trod upon the foot of a young man, who instantly struck him a blow in the face. "Sir," said La Motte, "you will be very sorry for what you have done, when I tell you that I am blind."

☞ There is a strange practice in the Roman Catholic villages of Hesse-Darmstadt. Wherever a death by violence occurs, on the spot a board is placed, with the name of the dead person cut in the wood. Over this all passers-by walk, and in time wear out the letters; and, as the process goes on, so does the soul work its way out of purgatory, and when the letters are completely obliterated then the purgatorial penance ends, and the spirit wings its way to Paradise.

NEWS ITEMS.

NEW GUN METAL.—The Paris Cosmos says:—"The cannon newly cast in Austria for the marine service, and from which so much is expected, are forged from a new alloy, called Aich metal, from the name of the inventor. It is composed of copper, 600 parts; zinc, 382; iron, 18. Its tenacity is said to be excessive; it is easily forged and bored; when cold it may be bent considerable without breaking: its resistance is far greater than that of iron of the best quality.

A LADY recently from Alabama, says the planters in that state are now using the coffee that was purchased originally for the use of the slaves, and the slaves are regaled with a decoction made of burnt meal. There is literally no medicine in the South, and a variety of expedients are resorted to to supply the place of drugs in case of sickness; melted lard is given to the slaves in lieu of castor oil.

CAPT. WORDEN, of the Monitor, is residing in Brooklyn, still suffering in one of his eyes. The honorable testimonial to him, we believe, is not far from $20,000.

AN APPLE BEE.—The residents of Hawthorne street, Roxbury (Mass.,) and vicinity, met at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Crosby on Wednesday, to prepare and string apples to be dried for the army. Some fourteen barrels had been sent in for the purpose.

IT is proposed that a Committee of citizens of Ohio shall raise, by solicitation, a fund of $100,000, to procure artificial limbs for all Ohio soldiers who shall be maimed while in the service of the country.

A FRENCH periodical, the *Journal de l' Instruction Publique*, contains a curious article by M. Oscar de Watteville, which announces the fact, not generally known, that in the lakes of Sweden there are vast layers or banks of iron, exclusively built up by animalcules, not unlike those which have laid the foundations of large islands in the ocean. The iron thus found is called in Sweden lake ore, distinguished, according to its form, into gunpowder, pearl, money or cake-ore. These iron banks are from ten to two hundred metres in length, from five to fifteen broad, and from a fourth to three-fourths of a metre and more in thickness.

IN the new regulations in England for the education of those applying for official positions, an attache is required to have "a general knowledge of maritime and international law, to be acquired from Wheaton's Elements of International Law, and the first volume of Kent's Commentary." This is pretty well, considering the sneers at American law indulged in in English newspapers—not, however, by English lawyers.

THE notorious elephant, "Hannibal," belonging to Van Amburg & Co.'s menagerie, a few weeks since, at Caldwell, Illinois, killed a man, who in the absence of Hannibal's keeper, irritated him. In order to prevent any further accidents from the elephant, Mr. Van Amburg had his enormous tusks sawn off, a few inches from his jaw.

THERE is a dwarf elephant imported from Mallacca, and attached to a menagerie now in England, that is twenty years old, perfectly proportioned and only 30 inches in height.

COTTON to the amount of 33,587 bales had reached Liverpool from Bombay, on the 27th of September, and a large number of ships were then on their way from India with 370,000 bales.

RUMORED SECESSION FROM THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Edinburg Courant understands that it is thought that the new code of canons which is in preparation for the Scottish Episcopal Church, may be the means of dividing that communion. A large body of the clergy and laity, it is reported, intend to enter into relations with the Church of England, if any other ritual than that of the Prayer Book be adopted.

KANSAS AND IOWA.—The Leavenworth Conservative states that Kansas, having already raised 8,000 volunteers for the war, was assigned no quota under the last call; that she has raised three full regiments nevertheless, making her entire levy 11,000, or *one-ninth* of her entire population when the war began. Iowa has promptly filled both her quotas with volunteers, which is noble; but this amounts to but one-tenth of her population.

RELIC seekers are doing a good business in this war. All the moveable frame-work, roof, &c., of Shiloh church have been carried off, and nothing remains but the logs, which are already being cut up in pieces by the seekers after mementoes.

AT a ball in Toronto (Canada) last week, in honor of Lord Monck, a secessionist visited a member of his Cabinet, hoping thereby to gain an invitation to the ball. He presented his card: "Mr. ——, Southern Confederacy." The gentleman took it, examined it, and remarked: "Mr. ——, of the Southern Confederacy, eh! Well, sir, our government is not aware of the existence of such an 'institution.' There must be some mistake, sir," and the secessionist was courteously bowed out.

WHILE the captain and crew of a vessel lying in Belfast harbor were on shore leaving the captain's wife and little boy of five years, alone on board, the child fell overboard, when his mother ran upon deck and instantly jumped into the water and succeeded in reaching him. Though unable to swim, she succeeded by remarkable presence of mind in keeping herself and child from drowning until rescued by some of the crew of a neighboring vessel.

SUPERSEDING COTTON.—There is a movement in the manufacturing districts of England to supersede the use of cotton, by adapting their machinery to the manufacture of low-priced fabrics of linen and wool. This is also being done at Rouen and Lisle, in France. Agents from Prussia and Belgium have recently visited Ireland, and have offered high wages to skilled workmen on flax mills to go to their countries and carry out the linen manufacture.

IT is stated that Illinois has raised 12,000 men over and above the quotas demanded of the state.

LAYING THE DUST IN PARIS.—A new system for laying the dust without watering the carriage way, has been some time in operation in Paris. It consists of sprinkling the road with chloride of lime, which being remarkable for its power of absorbing moisture, soon becomes damp, and thereby prevents any dust from rising even in the hottest day.

THE greenbacks of the United States have been counterfeited in England, the documents being intended for circulation in this country. The counterfeiters have been arrested at the request of Minister Adams.

MR. STORY, the American sculptor, has sold his statues of "Cleopatra" and "The African Sybil" for 3,000 guineas.

BY an order just issued, Gen. Grant commands the Department of the Tennessee, to consist of that portion of Kentucky and Tennessee west of the Tennessee river, and including Cairo and Forts Henry and Donelson.

☞ The estimated number of horses in the whole world is fifty-seven millions: of this number the United States have about five millions. The general estimate in Europe has been eight to ten horses for every hundred inhabitants.

AN ADDRESS FROM GARIBALDI

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

From the London Morning Post of the 2d inst.

The subjoined address has been forwarded to us from Varignano by the writer. There will doubtless be differences of opinion on some of his political views; as to the sincerity and warmth of his feelings towards this country there can be none, and the expression of his gratitude will assuredly be received in a spirit as kindly as that by which it has been dictated:—

To the English Nation.

Suffering under repeated blows, both moral and physical, a man can more exquisitely feel both good and ill, hurl a malediction at the authors of evil, and consecrate to his benefactors unlimited gratitude and affection.

And I owe you gratitude, oh! English nation, and I feel it as much as my soul is capable of feeling it. You were my friend in my good fortune, and you will continue your precious friendship to me in my adversity. May God bless you. My gratitude is all the more intense, oh! kind nation, that rises above all individual feeling, and becomes sublime in the universal sentiment towards nations of which you represent the progress.

Yes, you deserve the gratitude of the world, because you offer a safe shelter to the unfortunate, from whatever side they may come, and you identify yourself with the misfortune of others you pity and help. The French or Neapolitan exile finds refuge in your bosom against tyranny. He finds sympathy and aid because he is an exile, because he is unfortunate. The Haynaus, the Iron executioners of autocrats, will not be supported by the soil of thy free country; they will fly from the tyrannical anger of thy generous sons.

And what should we be in Europe without thy dignified behaviour? Autocracy can strike her exiled ones in other countries where only a bastard freedom is enjoyed; where freedom is but a lie. But let one seek for it on the sacred ground of Albion. I, like so many others, seeing the cause of justice oppressed in so many parts of the world, despair of all human progress. But when I turn my thoughts to you, I find tranquillity from your steady and fearless advancement towards that end to which the human race seems to be called by Providence.

Follow your path undisturbed, oh! unconquered nation, and be not backward in calling sister nations on the road of human progress. Call the French nation to co-operate with you. You are both worthy to walk hand in hand in the front rank of human improvement. But call her! In all your meetings let the words of concord of the two great sisters resound! Call her! Call her in every way with your own voice, and with that of her great exiles—with that of her Victor Hugo, the hierophant of sacred brotherhood. Tell her that conquests are to-day an aberration, the emanation of insane minds. And why should we conquer foreign lands when we must all be brothers? Call her, and do not care if she is for the moment under the dominion of the Spirit of Evil.

She will answer in due time, if not to-day, to-morrow, and if not to-morrow, will later answer to the sound of thy generous and regenerating words. Call, and at once, Helvetia's strong sons, and clasp them forever to thy heart. The warrior sons of the Alps—the vessels of the sacred fire of freedom in the European Continent. They will be yours! And what allies! Call the great American Republic! She is, after all, thy daughter, risen from thy lap; and, however, she may go to work, she is struggling for the abolition of Slavery, so generously proclaimed by you. Aid her to come out from the terrible struggle in which she is involved by the traffickers in human flesh.

Help her, and then make her sit by your side in the great assembly of nations, the final work of Human Reason. Call unto thee such nations as possess free will, and do not delay a day. The initiative that to-day belongs to you might not be yours to-morrow. May God avert this! Who more bravely took the initiative than France in '89? She, who in that solemn moment gave to the world the goddess Reason, levelled tyranny to the dust, and consecrated free brotherhood between nations.

After almost a century, she is reduced to combat the liberty of nations, to protect tyranny, and to direct her efforts to steady, on the rule of the temple of Reason, that hideous, immoral monstrosity, Papacy. Rise, therefore, oh! Britannia, and lose no time. Rise with uplifted brow and point out to other nations the road to follow. War would no longer be possible where a world's Congress would judge of the differences arisen between nations. No more standing armies, with which freedom is incompatible.

Away with shells and iron plating! Let spades and reaping machines come forth. Let the millions spent in destructive implements be employed to encourage industry and to diminish the sum of human misery. Begin, oh! English people, for the love of God, begin the great era of the human compact, and benefit present generations with so great a gift.

Besides Switzerland, Belgium, and others that will rise at your call, you will see other nations, urged on by the good sense of populations, rush to thy embrace and unite in one. Let London be at the present time the seat of the Congress in due course to be chosen by mutual understanding and general consent. I repeat to you, may God bless you, and may He amply repay you for the benefits you have showered upon me. With gratitude and affection, thine, G. GARIBALDI.

Varignano, September 28, 1862.

GEN. CASSIUS M. CLAY.—The Washington dispatch to a New York paper, reflecting upon Major-General Cassius M. Clay, published on Monday, is a misrepresentation of the facts. Gen. Clay is not engaged in a political campaign, but is in this city, having been absent but a few days. He reported to Gen. Halleck for duty, under circumstances that should, at least, have secured for him respectful treatment, if not high consideration. He received neither. In the face of this ill-treatment, Gen. Clay reported a second time to Gen. Halleck, who offensively asserted that he could not give him the command in the West, which had been urged upon the Government by the most distinguished citizens of several of the western states. Gen. Clay said calmly:—"General, I am here to report for duty unconditionally." "Then," responded Gen. Halleck, "go to your hotel and await orders." Gen. Clay obeyed. Upon reaching his quarters he received orders to report to Gen. Butler at New Orleans. Like a true soldier, he packed his trunks to leave the same evening, and proceeded to take leave of the President. The latter said, "Where are you going, General?" Clay responded, "I have just received my orders from Gen. Halleck to report to Gen. Butler at New Orleans." The President expressing surprise, asked for an explanation, and on learning the facts, said to Gen. Clay, "You will receive other orders." Gen. Clay left the Executive Mansion, and on reaching his hotel, found a letter from the President, ordering him to remain in the city until further orders. These are the facts, and in view of the statement published referred to, it is just that they should be known.—*N. Y. Times.*

SUBSTITUTES are cheap in Ohio. Two hundred dollars is the highest and twelve dollars the lowest price paid.

GEN. KEARNEY'S LETTER.

Wilkes's Spirit of the Times publishes the following letter from Major-Gen. Kearney to O. S. Halstead, Jr., of Newark. It has been much talked of, and a good deal of curiosity expressed to see it, and we publish it therefore as a point in the history of the times. It is evidently a very hasty letter, written in the strict confidence of private friendship, and one which Gen. Kearney probably would have never consented to have published were he alive:—

"HARRISON'S LANDING, 4th Aug., 1862.

"DEAR PET:—I thank you for your kind, long letter. You extend to me hope. You suggest withdrawing me and my division out of this ignoble position. With Pope's army, I would breathe again.

"We have no generals. McClellan is the failure I ever proclaimed him. He is punished, just as I at once comprehended the moves of the partics. He will only get us in more follies, more waste of blood, fighting by driblets. He has lost the confidence of all. Nor has he a single officer about him capable of bettering us. Sumner is a 'bull in a china shop,' and a sure enough blunderer. ——— lost his corps gratuitously at Fair Oaks.

"He is not now in his right place, and will be much worse. ——— is a small brain, ossified in a '4 company' garrison on the frontier. He was not 'of us' in Mexico, but in a rear column *once* saw a distant flash in a guerrilla fight. His skill is a myth, a poetical version of his own part at Bull's Run. Porter is good in nature, but weak as water—the apparent cant of all this disaster for his want of generalship on the Chickahominy. ——— and Franklin are talented engineers. They might make good generals if they understood the value of elements in their calculations; as it is, they are dangerous failures.

"When ——— was drunk, he had some few men drowned before Yorktown. I know of no other feat of his. Franklin's battle of West Point was a most runaway picket fight of ours. His part on the Chickahominy was unpardonable. He sent over a division (his own), was present on that side *out of fire*, and never interfered to prevent them from being sacrificed by driblets, and rendered a prey to their false position. I was horrified at it, as described by Gen. Taylor, and all others. Is it surprising that I want to get out of this 'mess?'

"Beside, they have sent me a major-generalship, like all these others, dating from 4th July, muddled in a batch of new and very ordinary junior officers. Do they forget that I was appointed twelfth on the original list? That I, on the heels of Bull Run, faced the enemy with a Jersey brigade in advance of all others, McClellan, McDowell, *et id omne genus*, nearly forcing me to come back of the Seminary.

"Do they forget me at Manassas? My Jersey brigade that infected with panic the retiring enemy? Has Williamsburg never come to their ears? Oh, no! I really feel aggravated beyond endurance. Discipline becomes degradation if not wielded with justice. Patriotism cannot, amid all her sacrifices, claim that of self-respect. Generals, victorious in the past, are not called on to expose their troops, unless those brave men are acknowledged.

"Their identity in their chief's promotion, claims a date of their own high acts. Oh, no, I am nearer returning to the home I have given up, to the interests I have sacrificed, to my cherished wife, whose anxiety oppresses me, than I ever dreamt of in a war for the Union. But if the infatuated North are weak enough to let this crisis be managed by 'small men of small motives,' I am not willing to be their puppet.

"My dear pet, I am too lazy, and too little inclined, to dive into the future of this 'little box of heresies,' so do tell me—what do the people of the North look forward to in the future? I fear lest the war will die out in vapid imbecility.

"For McClellan, he is *burnt out*. Never once on a battle-field, you have nothing to hope from him as a leader of a column. How do they expect Pope to beat, with a very inferior force, the veterans of Ewell and Jackson? But these are episodes.

"We deceive ourselves. There was a people of old—it was the warrior Spartan, with his Helot of the field. The South have realized it. There was an ambitious people of recent times, and a conscription pandered to her invasions. At this moment the South exemplifies them both. 'Peace, peace,' but there is no peace. No, not even with a disruptured Union. Let the North cast away the delusion.

"Draft we must, or disciplined thousands of the South will redeem scrip in Philadelphia, and yet the true North must accept it, and, quickly, to a man, or the moment it draggles in debate, Maryland, Tennessee, and Kentucky will cast past victories to the winds and rise with their nearly-allied rebel kin. My dear pet, I shall be delighted when Henry can come on. As to Col. Halstead, I think that his case is a type of the insane and unnecessary despotism into the army, under the auspices of McClellan and his very weak aids. It is now too late, but why was not the cavalry put in my charge at the commencement?

"Two nights ago the rebel batteries fired from across the river, and killed and wounded some thirty men. Last night Hooker started out on a crude expedition to Malvern Hills. He went out four miles and came back again. Still, a 'false fuss' injures the whole army. McClellan is dangerous, from the want of digesting his plans. He positively has no talents. Adieu. Get me and my 'flaming division' with Pope. With best regards, yours, KEARNEY.

"To Mr. O. S. Halstead, Jr., Newark, N. J."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S BOUDOIR.—Luxurious, and yet elegant splendor, most refined judgment and a poetic temperament are revealed in the arrangement of the boudoir of the Empress Eugenie. The doors are made of ivory, inlaid with gold; the furniture is rosewood, of graceful shape, inlaid with gold, mirrors, or ivory; the sofas and chairs are covered with pale red silk; the walls are hung with a dark paper, and the ceiling is an exquisite fresco. A magnificent Syrmian carpet voluptuously deadens the sound of footsteps. Around hang the most valuable paintings of the old masters, borrowed from the Louvre Gallery and Versailles, as well as two family portraits in oil, overshadowed by palms, ododendra and camelias. The window ledges are constantly adorned with fresh flowers; on the writing desk lie splendid portfolios, and books bound with tortoiseshell, inlaid with gold. Nothing is wanting which a complete sense of luxury can devise; not even the toning of the light. The red silk curtains, heavily fringed with black velvet, throw a subdued hue over every object, and any one who enters the room may imagine that he is inhaling poetry.—*St. James's Magazine.*

GEN. GRANT'S DEPARTMENT.—Our troops have not been idle in Mississippi since the repulse of Van Dorn at Corinth and Hatchie rivers. Union troops now occupy Rienzi, 12 miles below Corinth. They are also in possession of the town of Ripley, some 25 miles below the point where Gen. Ord and Hurlbut put the enemy to flight last week, having chased the rebels thus far and given up the pursuit for the present.

☞ None talk so loudly of benevolence as those who subsist on it.

DONATIONS.

"THE PENN RELIEF ASSOCIATION FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS," notice the omission in their report of the following donations:—

Five boxes and 1 barrel from Palo Alto and Port Carbon; 1 do., E. Bailey, Chester co.; hospital stores, Friends' schools, 4th and Green st.; 1 piece lawn, L. Webster; 2 doz. pairs hose and yarn, J. Wilson; 3 pairs new pants, Troutman & May; 2 pairs do., M. & H. J. Franks; 1 piece muslin, A. H. Love; 2 quarts brandy, May & Smith; 2 gallons gin, Wm. B. Thomas; canned and dried fruit, wine, preserves and jellies, R. Dean, M. E. E. W. & S. Hayhurst, Attleboro; groceries from Mrs. Lasher, Mrs. Brown, C. Shields, T. R. Mattson, R. Ralston, and E. Friel; canned fruits, jellies and preserves from S. J. Reed, Crosswicks, H. Satterthwait, Recklesstown, Friends in Burlington and Jacobstown, and M. Johnson, Germantown; feather pillows, Mrs. Seybert; the use of sewing machine, Taggart & Farr; King & Baird printing 500 circulars; J. Ambler, tin ware; medical stores, D. P. Stackhouse, Powers & Weightman, D. Parrish, T. McClintock and others. For these as well as others that may have been omitted (owing to a book being lost in which they were registered) we tender our grateful acknowledgment.

The accompanying list has been received since our last report:—

3 boxes and 2 bars, Leechburg, Armstrong co., Pa.; 1 do., Bevington Ladies' Aid, Washington co.; 2 small boxes flat and bond, Ladies' Aid, Franklin co.; 1 do., Valley Church, Alleghany co.; 1 do., Pittsburg, per Mr. Springer Harbaugh; 1 box, Millville Ladies' Aid; 1 do., Mrs. William Morris Davis; 2 do., Mrs. Slaymaker and friends, Maytown, Lancaster co.; 1 barrel and 1 box grapes, Mrs. Worth, Bucks co.; clothing, Quakertown Ladies' Aid; M. P. Mott, $30, and vegetables; John Williams, $10; J. M. Ellis, $5; E. Wilson, $3; Ald. Plankinton, $1; cash, $1; J. McMurtrie, $1 worth tin ware; Wm. Austin Haines, $1; J. W., $1; A. B. J., $1; R. C. Wilson, $2; 6 doz. iron stone saucers, Mrs. Kline.

MARY M. SCRANTON, Treasurer,
1010 Wallace St., Philada.

HOW THE SOLDIERS FEEL.

A few days ago a mother and sister came down from a New England town to see a son and brother who had been in the hospital (at Washington) many weeks, and who has been in all the great battles of the Potomac army till the recent ones in Maryland. They were fortunate enough to obtain leave for the lad—for he is a blue-eyed boy of eighteen—to come and visit them at their boarding-house. He was entirely overcome at first by his joy at seeing them. "It seems as if I could not kiss you enough!" he said to his mother. But long before the sun had descended to the level of the western hills he began to grow uneasy, and before his time had expired he set out for his hospital. Mother and sister were much grieved at this until the hospital physician informed them that this was always the way with veteran soldiers. The discipline of the army has become a part of their nature. The good soldier delights to see his friends, but he is so accustomed to the rules and regulations of the army, that he has learned at last to love them—to rest upon them—and a do-nothing existence soon becomes irksome to him. So the home-bred boy who was overjoyed to see his mother and sister, when the night came round began to long for his hospital-cot, and his regiment, which he could only join through the hospital. His friends were anxious to gain a discharge for him, feeling certain that he would never again be of any use to the army. He was consulted, and made this reply:—"I think you had better not try. I shall never be contented at home till this war is closed. I love you and my home, but I gave myself up to this fight, and don't like to back out of it!" His mother returned sad at heart, but still proud of her boy. —*Washington Corres. of Independent.*

LONDON ARCHITECTURE.—A London paper, speaking on this subject, says:—In London stone perishes almost as fast as books, and if the metropolis remains in its integrity another thousand years, it can only be by a process of perpetual renewal. The Houses of Parliament are known to be already decaying; they began to decay before they were habitable. We know what sort of state Blackfriars Bridge is in, and it is worth mentioning that London Bridge, built of the finest granite obtainable, is already getting soft, and will show symptoms of decay ere long. It may be the humidity of our climate—it may be the amount of free acid in our atmosphere, but more likely the atmosphere of London is impregnated with ammonia—a product of coal smoke—or it may be several causes combined; but certain it is that there is no natural stone known that for any length of time will retain its beauty and mechanical compactness in a London atmosphere. Talk of the poverty of London architecture, why, it is on a par with the poverty of London gardeners; it is a hard task to keep either stone or plant alive in the midst of the perennial cloud of smoke in which all Londoners are doomed to live.

☞ An editor says that the only reason why his house was not blown away during the late gale, was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour, under a good demand, has been steadily on the advance during the past week, and prices are 50@75c ₱ bbl better. Some 10,000 bbls found buyers at $5,25@5,50 for sour and unInspected Western, $5,50@6,25 for superfine, $6,75@6,75 for extras, and $6,25@7,75 ₱ bbl for extra family and fancy brands, including 3500 bbls City Mills extra and extra family, part private and part at $6,50 for the former and $7@7,50 for the latter, and 1000 bbls Brandywine at $6,75. The sales to the trade have been large within the same range of prices, and high grade extras and fancy brands at higher figures, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce and selling at $4@4,25, which is an advance. Corn Meal is also scarce and held higher, with small sales of Pennsylvania at $3,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and prices are 5@10c better than last week, and rather dull at the advance. Sales comprise about 50,000 bus at 140@150c for good and prime western Pennsylvania reds, in store; 142@150c for Pennsylvania do afloat; 142@152c for southern do, and from 145 to 170c for white, as to quality, the latter for choice Kentucky, which is scarce. Rye is better, and all offered sold at 72@77c for good and prime Southern and Pennsylvania. Corn is also better, and about 35,000 bus yellow sold at 70@75c, in store and afloat, including damaged lots at 64@67c. Oats are rather higher, with sales of 30,000 bus in lots at 42@45c for inferior to prime quality of Southern and Pennsylvania. Barley and Malt continue scarce and high with small receipts and sales of the latter at 132c.

PROVISIONS—The market generally continues firm and on the advance, with reduced stocks of the hog product to operate in. Sales of 600@700 bbls Mess Pork are reported at $12¾@13¼ ₱ bbl. Now held higher. Beef is steady at $12@13 ₱ bbl for western and city mess. Bacon sells as wanted at 9@13c for common and fancy Hams, 5¼@6 for Shoulders and 5¼@6¼c for Sides. In Green Meats the sales are limited and prices unsettled. Lard is better; tierces and bbls selling to some extent at 9¼@10¼c, the latter for prime winter, and 500 kegs at 10¼c. Butter is active; packed selling at 10@13c for common to good, choice do at 14@15c, and roll at 15@17c, as in quality. Cheese is firmer, with sales at 9@10c ₱ lb, and Eggs 15@16c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been excited and on the advance, and prices are 3@5c better; about 400 bales have been taken in small lots at from 55 to 63c, cash, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES are better, with about the usual business doing in Pots and Pearls.

BARK comes in slowly, and Quercitron, under a good demand, has further advanced, with sales of about 130 hhds 1st No 1 at $34@36, including some of a favorite brand at $37½ ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is quiet, with but little offering or selling.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and Yellow is quoted at 40@42c ₱ lb, with small sales.

CANDLES are firm and on the advance, with more doing in Sperm and Adamantine at the improvement. Of Tallow, sales are making at 12¼@12½c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The demand is better, both for shipment and home use, and prices are fully sustained and firm, with moderate receipts and stocks for the season both here and at the East.

COFFEE—Prices continue on the advance, with a reduced stock to operate in, and sales of 1500 bags are reported in lots at 23½@26½c for Rio, 25@37c for Laguayra, and 20@22c for Triage—cash and time.

COPPER is firmer, and for Yellow Metal prices are better, holders asking 27c on time for sheets.

FEATHERS are selling in lots as wanted at 40@42c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are mostly confined to Green Apples, prices ranging at from $1¼@3 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Dried Fruit is arriving and selling slowly at about 6c ₱ lb for Apples.

HAY is better, good Timothy selling at 75@85c the 100 lbs.

HEMP remains quiet, and the market unsettled, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—There has been a speculative movement in the article at the east, and prices are better, with sales at 17@20c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market is excited and on the advance, with large sales, in all some 8 or 10,000 tons at $24@25 ₱ ton for Anthracite No 1, $24@24½ for No 2, and $20@22 for No 3, cash and 4 months. Scotch Pig has advanced to $30@31 ₱ ton. Manufactured iron is also tending up.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here to operate in, and the market is firm and advancing. A sale of English was made in New York at 7¾ and Galena at 8c ₱ lb.

LUMBER—There is a moderate business doing here for the season, without change in quotations, White Pine Boards selling at $14@16, and Yellow Sap do at $15@16 ₱ M. Lathe and pickets are dull.

MOLASSES is scarce. Sugar House at 26@30c, and 395 bbls New Orleans, the latter by auction, at 48@49c, mostly cash.

PLASTER is scarce and selling at $3 ₱ ton.

RICE is firm, and 400 bags Rangoon sold for export at 5¼c ₱ lb, in bond. Carolina is scarce and high. East India ranges at 6¼@7c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—Clover comes in slowly and meets with ready sale at $5@5,50 ₱ bus, the latter for selected lots. Timothy sells at $1,75@2,25, and Flaxseed at $2,10@2,15 ₱ bus, and Timothy more abundant.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are held above the views of buyers, and very quiet. N E Rum is better, sales having been made at 50c, and now held higher. Whiskey is also better, with large sales of bbls to note at 36@38c, and drudge, which is scarce, at 34@36c.

SUGARS are ¼@¼c better, and more active, with sales of 1200 hhds at 9¼@10¼c for Cuba, 9¼@10¼c for Porto Rico, and 9¾@11¼c for New Orleans, part of the latter by auction, all cash and 4 mos.

TALLOW is better, with free sales at 10¾@11¾c for rendered, which is scarce, and now held higher.

TOBACCO—The stocks of all kinds continue very light, and the sales in a small way only, at very full prices.

WOOL—There is more inquiry from manufacturers, especially for fine, and sales to the extent of about 150,000 lbs are reported at from 65 to 70c for low and medium quality, including good and prime tub at 70@74c and fine at 55@60c ₱ lb net cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1772 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8¼ cts ₱ lb. 60 Cows brought from $30 to 38 ₱ head. 3500 Sheep were sold at from $2,00 to 3,00 ₱ head. 1360 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 6,00 ₱ cwt. net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of Sept. at Trinity Rectory, Moorestown, Burlington county, N. J., by the Rev. H. H. Weld, Major J. KELLY BROWN, N. J. Volunteers, to Miss ADELINE LOCKS, of Woodbury, N. J.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Brainard, Mr. EDWARD M. FURBER, to Miss MARY COPELAND, both of this city.

At Germantown, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. John Rodney, GEORGE K. WOOD, to CARRIE WHARTON, daughter of Henry Chancellor.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM F. TRACY, to Miss EMMA E. WENZELL, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. SAMPSON HANSON, to Miss BETTIE TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 9th of July, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, D. D., Mr. LOUIS P. RAYBOLD, of the 1st California Regiment, P. V., to Miss MARY T. JOSEPHS, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Mr. SAMUEL HANNAH, to Miss MARY A. YOUNG, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. LOUISA L. wife of the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D. D., in her 32d year.

On the 12th instant, JOEL VASEY, in his 69th year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. JOHN MADDEN, Sr. in his 65th year.

On the 11th instant, MARGARET TAYLOR, aged 20 years.

On the 12th instant, THOMAS KNIGHT, son of John and Ellen Knight, in his 26th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARGARET CRAIG, widow of the late Chas. Craig, aged 81 years.

On the 13th instant, JOSEPH S. KITE, a soldier of 1812, in his 71st year.

On the 13th instant, ALEXANDER WILSON, aged 70 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. CHRISTIANA, wife of Robt. Bartholomew, in her 39th year.

On the 14th instant, MARY BRADLEY, daughter of Catharine Bradley, in her 23d year.

On the 13th instant, JACOB DICKHART, in his 40th year.

On the 12th instant, Mr. JOHN CROSSETT, in his 67th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 18, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	¾ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¾ dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	¾ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¾ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	60 dis.
Maryland	2 to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$65,00
Half Case, Paneled,	60,00
Plain Table,	55,00
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with	
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$55,00
Half Case, Paneled,	50,00
Plain Table,	45,00
No. 1 MACHINE, Large, with	
Plain Table,	$75,00
No. 5 MACHINE, CYLINDER, with	
Plain Table,	$85,00
Binder,	5,00
Corder,	3,00
Marker,	2,00

TERMS, CASH.

Every Machine is sold complete with a HEMMER. No reduction will be made if Machines are ordered *without* HEMMERS. Nos. 1, 2 and 5 Machines are sold with the NEW GLASS CLOTH PRESSER and NEW STYLE HEMMER. Nos. 3 and 4 with the OLD STYLE HEMMER.

HIGHEST PREMIUM, WORLD'S FAIR, LONDON, 1862.

The **HIGHEST PREMIUM** has been awarded for the **WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES**, at the **WORLD'S FAIR**, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition. This result was not unexpected, of course, but is still highly complimentary to American genius, and a triumph more noteworthy considering the public sentiments in England. This marked recognition of this Machine not only adds to its prestige, confirming, as it does, the numerous awards here, but should satisfy the public that if any sewing is to be done, WHEELER & WILSON'S is the Machine to do it. oc25-

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has been for thirty years the standard remedy.

RECENT COUGHS, and COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, etc., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the diseases one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.

This Expectorant is prepared only at **242** CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 22-tf

GREAT TOILET TRIUMPH.

CRISTADORA'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE

NO LEAD, NO LIME, NO NITRATE OF SILVER; acts instantaneously; never fails! produces all the shades of black and brown. Parties who were dissatisfied with other Dyes, use this with invariable satisfaction.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadore's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. oc25-ow3t

600,000 MALE OR FEMALE AGENTS TO SELL LLOYD'S NEW STEEL PLATE COUNTY COLORED MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADAS, AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

From recent surveys; completed August 10, 1862; cost $20,000 to engrave it and one year's time.

Superior to any $10 Map ever made by Colton or Mitchell, and sells at the low price of fifty cents; 370,000 names are engraved on this Map.

It is not only a County Map, but it is also a COUNTY AND RAILROAD MAP of the United States and Canadas combined in one, giving EVERY RAILROAD STATION and distances between.

Guarantee any woman or man $3 to $5 per day, and will take back all Maps that cannot be sold, and refund the money.

Send for one dollar's worth to try.

Printed instructions how to canvass well, furnished all our agents.

Wanted—Wholesale Agents for our Maps in every State, California, Canada, England, France and Cuba. A fortune may be made with a few hundred dollars capital. *No competition.*

J. T. LLOYD, 164 Broadway, New York.

The War Department uses our Map of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, cost $100,000, on which is marked Antietam Creek, Sharpsburg, Maryland Heights, Williamsport Ferry, Rhorersville, Noland's Ford, and all others on the Potomac, and every other place in Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, or money refunded.

LLOYD'S TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF KENTUCKY, OHIO, INDIANA, and ILLINOIS,

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From the Tribune, Aug. 2.

"LLOYD'S MAP OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND PENNSYLVANIA.—This Map is very large; its cost is but 25 cents, and *it is the best which can be purchased.*"

LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER—From Actual Surveys by Capts. Bart and Wm. Bowen, Mississippi River Pilots, of St. Louis, Mo., shows every man's plantation and owner's name from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico—1,350 miles—every sand-bar, island, town, landing, and all places 20 miles back from the river—colored in Counties and States. Price $1, in sheets; $2, pocket form, and $2,50 on linen, with rollers. Ready Sept. 20.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, Sept. 17, 1862.

J. T. LLOYD—*Sir:* Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as are required for the use of that squadron. GIDEON WELLES,
oc11-3t Secretary of the Navy.

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For teachers who desire positions;
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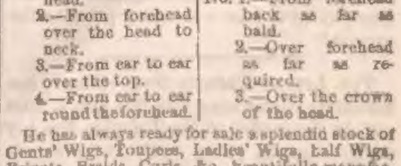

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

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THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

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Wit and Humor.

A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.

Not long since, in the town of B——, in the state of Maine, an explosion of burning fluid occurred, by which a Mr. C—— was shockingly burned and lost his life. He was one of the first citizens of the place, highly respected, and had held positions of honor and trust among his fellow-citizens. A leading temperance man, he had represented the Division of the Sons of Temperance in the Grand Division of the state; and it so happened that this body held a session, soon after his death, at the place of his late residence.—During the session the customary resolutions were presented to the Division, deploring the death of the worthy member and the loss of the community and the order, and ascribing the accident by which he was so suddenly removed from his useful and honorable position in life to a dispensation of Divine Providence. Tributes were paid to his memory and character by several members, and in the midst of profound silence the Grand Worthy Patriarch arose to put the question on the passage of the resolutions. At this point a member, who had been a silent listener to the proceedings, arose and said that he had some doubts whether the resolutions were right in attributing the accident to Divine Providence. In his opinion it *was caused entirely by the explosion of burning fluid*, and he wished them amended accordingly.

A SETTLER.

Some years since a black man called upon a clergyman in Western New York, avowed himself a fugitive slave, and asked for food and shelter, which were freely accorded.—Two or three persons being cognizant of the fact, called to see the "runaway nigger," when the following interesting dialogue took place:—

"S'pose you had plenty of hard times down South; licking a plenty?"

"No—never was whipped."

"Wa'n't! Well, you had to work most awful hard?"

"My work was light."

"I guess your clothes were not very nice?"

"I was well clothed—a good house-servant."

"I reckon your victuals were not uncommon fine?"

"As good as I desired."

"Well, I should give it as my opinion that you were a mighty big fool for running away from such a place as that, just for the sake of shirking for yourself."

"Gentlemen, my place down South is vacant. Any of you can have it by applying for it."

SCARCITY OF UGLY WOMEN.

A very eccentric gentleman was once complaining that, after a great deal of trouble, he had not been able to meet with an ugly woman; so that he much doubted whether, after all, such a being existed. "For my part," continued he, "I almost believe such a creature to be a mere chimera of the imagination, and to be classed with those fictitious beings whose heads are said to grow beneath their shoulders. Some years ago I made the following experiments: I caused two advertisements to be inserted in the papers for a housekeeper; one was for a lady who should not only be competent for such an office, but qualified also for a companion, and be a woman of education and elegant manners; the other required nothing of this—it only required as a *sine qua non* that the applicant should be ugly. In answer to the former advertisement I was overwhelmed with letters from so many accomplished, elegant ladies, that I congratulate both the present age and my own country on possessing so much female excellence. But would you believe it? To the latter I received not a single reply; and I have since, more than once, inserted the same advertisement, with exactly the same success."

THE MOST AGREEABLE OF WORLDLY DUTIES.

One day a person entered Dumas's study and said, "Ah! Monsieur Dumas, I have called upon you because I know what a generous heart you have, and that a family in distress will never appeal to you in vain. A poor man that I know is dead, leaving a wife and three children in such extremity that they have not enough money to pay the expenses of his burial. Give them that sum."

"How much is it?"

"Fifty francs."

The novelist went to his escroitoire and took three napoleons out of a drawer and gave them to the petitioner.

"Here," said he, "take this. What was the husband?"

"A constable."

"A what? A constable? My heavens! my dear fellow—here, take these other napoleons and bury at least three constables; and if you know of any more constables to be buried, just call on me. There is no way of spending money more agreeable to me than paying to have constables put into the ground."

THE LITTLE FRENCH BOY.—Cham's last caricature represents a little boy and a little girl in the garden of the Tuileries, the boy busily engaged piling earth on his sister's head, which proceeding draws this exclamation from the mother, who wears one of the new-fashioned bonnets whose frieze is overloaded with flowers—"Gracious me! what on earth are you doing there? Are you putting dirt on your sister's head?" "Yes, ma, I want her to have a big bed of flowers under her bonnet, such as you have got."

☞ ETHNOLOGICAL CON.—Why were certain nomadic tribes of Asia called Tartars? Because they were continually pitching their tents, and into each other.

MRS. PARTINGTON ABOUT AGAIN.—As Mrs. Partington came in after her long absence it seemed as if sunshine had entered with her, though there was anxiety upon her brow and a bundle in her hand. It was for the "salutary committee," she said, "how many are there to be grafted in Boston?" looking at us with great earnestness as she spoke. It was the one question that we couldn't answer, not having the census at hand. Finding herself foiled in this she continued—"Well, can you tell me if a man is exempted from being grafted who has bellicose veins?" We assured her that we thought not—that the more we had with bellicose veins the better, whereat she was silent. We complimented her on what she was doing for the soldiers. "Yes," said she, "everybody should do something for the cause, however circumcised their means." She took a pinch of snuff as she spoke, and looked down meekly at the bundle tied up in the old Constitution and Guerrierre cotton handkerchief. Ike was outside taking care of a boy who was threatening to tear down the recruiting handbills on our corner.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE AT COURT.

The "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," by his nephew, furnish the following anecdote of the eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke, in connection with his presentation at the Court of St. James:—

"Mr. McLane and Mr. Irving called for him in a carriage, and they found him prepared to accompany them, with black coat and black small clothes, with knee buckles, a sword and a little black hat. They looked wonderingly at his dress, so likely with his odd figure to attract observation. He pointed to his gold buckles. 'No sham about them. Rundell and Bridge, by—!' To some observation as to the propriety of his dress, 'I wear no man's livery, by—!' 'But,' said Mr. Irving, 'the object of a court costume is to avoid awkwardness and challenge; there is a convenience in it; and at all events you don't want a sword.' 'Oh, now, Irving, as to a sword, you need not pretend to teach me about that; my father wore a sword before me, by—!' Mr. Irving explained that the sword belonged to a different costume, but was out of place in that dress. This seemed to strike Randolph, and he unbuckled his sword afterwards and left it in the carriage. As he was about to enter the ante-chamber, where the foreign ministers were in waiting, he was, as Mr. Irving had feared, stopped by the usher. Mr. Irving immediately explained who he was, and he was permitted to pass. 'There now, Randolph,' said he, 'you see one of the inconveniences of being out of costume.' In the ante-chamber the foreign ministers eyed him curiously. Admitted to the presence-chamber he preceded Mr. Irving, made his bow to royalty in his turn and then passed before other members of the royal family. As he went by the Duke of Sussex the latter beckoned Mr. Irving. 'Irving,' said he, with his thumb reversed over his right shoulder, and moving it significantly up and down, half suppressing a laugh at the same time, 'who is your friend, Hokey Pokey?' Mr. Irving, jealous for the honor of his country, replied with emphasis, 'That, sir, is John Randolph, United States Minister at Russia, and one of the most distinguished orators of the United States.' Some time afterwards, Mr. Irving was dining with the Duke of Sussex, and he inquired after McLane, who had returned to his own country; then, pursuing his inquiries, he added, with a significant smile, 'and how is our friend, Hokey Pokey?'"

THE ITALIANS.

Almost all the passers-by are armed with umbrellas. The Italians seem to have a perfect horror of water. From December to May they never start for a half hour's walk without taking an umbrella. This convenience assumes here many fantastic colors—bright green and red being favorite hues.—The other day when I saw a woman with an umbrella under each arm, and an earthen kettle of coals in her hand, I thought she was provided against any contingency of weather. I cannot think that these people have any *need* to dread water. In fact, I believe that if the whole nation were to be driven out of doors, and exposed for a few days to a good pelting rain *with soap in it*, to be followed by an avalanche of wholesome crash towels—it would very much augment the comfort and good looks of the people, and might possibly inoculate them with something akin to self-respect, of which they at present seem to have a "plentiful lack." I am not ambitious to have any voice in the congress of nations concerning the mooted question of Italian liberty—but it is my *private* opinion that no people can be capable of self-government until they can keep their faces clean.—*Florence Percy, in Portland Transcript.*

ON SWEET TEMPER.—"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dear child," said General Jackson once to a young lady, in whose welfare he felt a deep interest, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman. And all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but it is a misfortune, which not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

☞ The junior Skimpole feebly wonders whether, if Gen. Pillow is captured, another rebel can be found to supply his place and *bolster* up the rebel cause.

☞ Any view of God, of which Love is not the centre, is injurious to the soul which receives it.—*Channing.*

PLEASANT—VERY!

ENRAGED TRADESMAN (knocked up at 3 A. M.)—"What do you mean, sir, by making this disturbance at this time o' night: breaking peoples' night's rest?"

INEBRIATED WANDERER—"Hush—oh! You've got a bite. Shtrike him hard.—Mag—nifshnt fish, shever-I-shee—'pon my word an' honor!"

SET THINE HOUSE IN ORDER.—Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us, in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to lessons which He gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thy house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Tholuck.*

☞ A certain mercantile house down town being reported to be in a "shaking" condition, Popkins don't think it can be called a *firm*.

Agricultural.

GATHERING APPLES.

The apple crop, this year, says the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture, will be large and of good quality. Much of its value depends on the way in which it is gathered. If you put off the job until the hard frosts are upon your heels, and then rush into the orchard with several hands, men, women and children, shake, pull and haul your trees, thresh them soundly with long poles—bring your fruit to the ground two-thirds bruised, one-half pierced with stiff straws—scramble them into barrels and knock the heads hastily upon them, you will have a good long job of picking out decayed apples, fall and winter, and will get the lowest market price for your crop. On the other hand, take the time wasted in picking them over to cull out the worthless ones in winter, hire help if necessary—go about your gathering systematically and in order. Provide good ladders and a pair or two of high moveable steps—they are easily made, if not by yourself, by any village carpenter, and are always useful about the house or garden. Get a smooth, light pole—two or three, of various lengths, will be convenient—take a common salt bag, or, better still, have some made of stout ticking or drilling, and distend the opening with a piece of hoop iron, bent in circular form, of sufficient form to let in two or three apples at a time—sharpen the outer, upper edge of the hoop. Handle baskets, holding a peck or more, are also very handy when suspended by a hook on the branches, while you are on the ladder or in the tree. Thus armed, you first carefully pick off all within reach, and put into baskets or barrels, without bruising. And then with pole and bag attached firmly to the end of it by the iron hoop, you can cut off and catch apples on the tallest limbs. Of course we speak of valuable orchards. All things considered, the careful process is the easiest and consumes no more time than the other. You get good fruit, and it brings the highest price; your trees are not banged or bruised to death, nor the heads of the children cracked by the falling apples.

CURIOUS.—A singular phenomenon made its appearance in Denny (Scotland) in a haystack belonging to Mr. Caldwell. The hay, which was bought and put up in good condition, has recently, in consequence of the wet weather which prevailed, become heated, and coincident with this transmutation, it became infested with animalculæ somewhat similar in appearance and size to that which is found in old cheese. So rapidly have the animalculæ increased in numbers, that round the foot of the stack they are at present lying fully a half an inch thick. Several practical farmers in the neighborhood have visited the stack, and inspected it, and they declared that in all their experience they never witnessed anything of the kind.

SALTING CHEESE AND MEAT.

We understand that a gentleman of this state claims to have discovered a method of salting cheese which removes all risk of loss of cream in pressing out the whey. It consists, essentially, as we understand it, in salting the curd before the whey is removed.

On the other hand, M. Barral, the able editor of the *Journal d' Agriculture Pratique*, recently called special attention to an improved method of salting cheese adopted by M. De Lignac, a celebrated cheese maker of France. It is simply to press out as much of the whey as possible before adding the salt. After drawing off the whey, the curd is broken up and put in a cloth and pressed gently for two hours. It is then taken out, the curd broken up again, and salted in the proportion of 1 lb. of salt to 25 lbs. of curd. It is then replaced in a cloth and pressed again for two hours. It is then taken out again and passed through a curd mill, which breaks up the curd very fine. It is then placed in the cheese-mold and pressed in the usual manner. For cheese made in this way he obtains a high price.

This process is not new. It is essentially the one adopted by many Cheshire cheese makers in England.

M. De Lignac also adopts a new method of salting meat. When meat is allowed to remain so long in the brine as is usually found necessary, much of the nutriment of the meat is lost—the juices of the meat being absorbed by the brine. In order to avoid this, he places the meat and brine in a receptacle where he can apply considerable pressure, and thus forces the brine into the centre of the meat and even into the bones. "It is in a few days salted evenly, as much in the inside as the outside, and keeps perfectly."

THE BREAD FRUIT.—Dr. Stevens, of New York, says:—"I have seen the natives preparing the bread fruit of Brazil for use. The plant resembles very closely our sassafras; it has the same rough bark and the same palmate leaf. The food is derived from the root, and it probably produces a larger amount of food from a given area of ground than any other plant. A yield of 3,000, 4,000 or 5,000 bushels to the acre is not uncommon, and the cultivation is of the roughest kind. In fact, it has no cultivation, except planting. The universal South American knife, the machete, is used to cut a hole in the sod, the plant is inserted, and left to take its chance. It is sure to take its chance however. It will root out all other plants, and cannot itself be destroyed. The root is grated in mills, the milk flows away, and the pulp is dried for food. The milk is wasted by the hogshead; I have seen a river white with it for a long distance below the grating mill. This milk is poisonous, and it contains the saponaceous principle.

A NOVEL WAY OF CURING A BREACHY HORSE.—A correspondent of the Iowa Homestead was out riding the other day with a friend, and observed that one of the horses had a hole in each ear. On inquiring the cause, he learned that it was to keep the horse from jumping. "Why," said he, "a horse don't jump with his ears." "You are mistaken," replied his friend; "a horse jumps as much with his ears as with his feet, and unless he can have free use of his ears he cannot jump." He ties the two ears together, and has no more trouble with the horse. We give this for what it is worth.

BLACK WART OR KNOT.—A correspondent of the N. E. Farmer says:—"This is not produced by the curculio or any other insect. If it was, I should be overrun with it, whereas it never appears in my garden. It is unquestionably a specific disease, which communicates its poison from tree to tree and which furnishes a welcome nest for certain insects."

OUT-DOOR CULTURE.—In a review of a book on the Vine, the Gardener's Chronicle says that vineries can be erected so cheaply that out-door culture has ceased to be a subject of any importance.

HIGH FARMING.

The New York Evangelist has a sensible article on the Fertilization of Soils, in which farmers are recommended to try guano and superphosphate. We are not prepared to say that these will pay, at the present prices of produce, but the following remarks we can most cordially endorse:—

"The purchase of fertilizers, in about the same proportion as they increase the crops, increases the natural fertilizers of the farm. The fuller the barn is filled this year, the more fertilizing matters are there to go back into the soil next year. The soil is the farmer's bank of deposit. It is the safest bank in the world if the deposits are discreetly made. High farming, with large crops, is more lucrative than low farming with consequently small crops. We are not of those who advise rashly; but we positively believe that the majority of farmers would be better satisfied and more richly rewarded if they would feel their way cautiously, but not very slowly, to a higher style of farming—one which undoubtedly they would find more expensive when they reckoned by the acre, but which we verily believe would prove less costly when reckoned by the qualities produced; less profitable perhaps the first year of trying it, but pretty sure to be more remunerative the second year, and still more the third, and onward."

SILK.—The Gardeners' Chronicle states that Attacus Ricine, the Eria silk worm, is reared over a great part of Hindoostan, and furnishes four or five crops in the year. The produce of this worm, which feeds on the castor-oil plant, gives a cloth of seemingly loose texture but of incredible durability—the life of one person, it is stated, being seldom sufficient to wear out a garment made of it.

Useful Receipts.

TO WHITEN CHERRIES, CURRANTS, RASPBERRIES, GRAPES, OR STRAWBERRIES.—Beat one or two whites of eggs with orange flower-water. Then steep your fruit in it, and roll it afterwards in lump sugar, pulverized very fine. Put the sugar and fruit in a dish and shake it well. When it is well covered with sugar, put it on clean paper, and set it in the sun to dry, or by the fire. You may thus ice all sorts of fruit.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PAINT.—Water lime mixed with skimmed milk is said to make an excellent drab-colored paint. It will adhere well to wood, stone, brick, or mortar where oil paint has not been used, and is very hard and durable.

COAL OIL FOR RHEUMATISM, &c.—It has come to our knowledge that this remedy has been used in cases of sore throat—sore from colds, perhaps bronchitis—with great advantage, even effecting cures. If this be so, its value can scarcely be appreciated.

We again recommend to persons afflicted with rheumatism to try this remedy. Bathe the parts affected morning and evening—bathe well—and dry in by the fire. The flavor of coal oil is not agreeable to many, but it soon passes away. Our own opinion is, that it is worth all the nostrums and patent medicines ever invented for the cure of rheumatism.—*Oregon Farmer.*

TURTLE BEAN SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—Take any quantity that you wish of black beans; boil them in water until thoroughly cooked; then dip the beans out of the pot and press them through a colender; return the flour of the beans thus pressed into the pot in which they were boiled; tie up in a cloth some thyme; put it into the soup and let it boil, add a little butter, and season with salt, pepper, parsley, and sweet marjoram; make some force meat-balls; add them to the soup, together with a sliced lemon, and wine to your taste a short time before serving. This will approach so near in flavor to the real turtle soup that few would be able to distinguish the difference. The beans must be soaked over night.—J. O., *in Genesee Farmer.*

TURTLE BEAN SOUP WITH MEAT.—One pint of beans soaked over night in cold water; one gallon of water; half a pound of pork; the same of beef; one or two onions; a carrot grated fine, and all strained through a colender before serving. Add lemon and a hard-boiled egg, sliced, placed in the tureen and the soup poured over them. If it boils too thick, add a little more water.—J. D. J., *in Genesee Farmer.*

TO PREPARE CORN STARCH.—Corn starch is as wholesome and agreeable an article as can be furnished the sick and wounded soldiers, and any quantity of it can be prepared at no cost except time. A half dozen ladies who are willing to devote a day to it, can manufacture twenty or thirty pounds of as nice corn starch as ever was seen, and any farmer almost will give them the green corn, and his wife willingly let them have the use of her pans and kitchen. The way to do it is as follows:—Pick the green corn and husk it, and then grate it into a tub. Wash this pulp two or three times, each time straining and squeezing through a cloth. Take the liquor which comes through, set in pans and let it stand twenty-four hours. Then pour off, and at the bottom will be the clear deposit of starch which will only need be dried—which is quickly done—to be as nice as any you ever saw in the market. We saw some this morning, manufactured in this way, for this purpose, and it is a very nice article. Any family who have a corn-field at hand, can, by devoting a little time to this, do an excellent thing for the soldiers. Now is the time. It ought not to be delayed, as the corn will soon be too old. Shall not seven hundred pounds be made this week in Stephenson county?—*Freeport Journal.*

A RECIPE FOR THE CARE-WORN FARMER'S WIFE.—Hang up the butter ladles, put a large stick of wood in the cook-stove, shut it up air-tight, retire to the parlor, and read the weekly paper for an hour. It will do you good in more ways than one. Try it, tired ones.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 30, 11, 13, 25, 5, was a heathen goddess.
My 19, 20, 4, 2, 10, 14, is a bird.
My 29, 7, 16, 21, 1, 28, 12, 29, is a French coin.
My 3, 20, 5, 3, 10, 7, is a female name.
My 8, 7, 27, 4, 7, 31, signifies an outcast.
My 7, 6, 23, 25, 10, 21, 16, 14, is an animal.
My 9, 15, 17, 10, 25, 23, is an article of cookery.
My 22, 4, 23, 30, 31, is a kind of fur.
My 26, 7, 13, is an article of dress.
My 17, 7, 27, 28, 24, is one of the four elements.

My whole is the name and title of one of the most celebrated men of the present age.

EDWIE.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A preposition.
A kind of rude tent.
A grain.
A military officer who conveys the orders of the General.
A piece of ordnance.
An adjective, meaning small.
A neck of land joining two other larger pieces of land.
A disclaimer.
A fish.
A metal in its crude state.
A tropical fruit.
A negative adverb.

The initials form the name of a high officer in our national Government, and the finals the title by which he is generally known.

Albany. S. R. B.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in half, but not in whole.
My 2nd is in throng, but not in shoal.
My 3rd is in ease, but not in pain.
My 4th is in mist, but not in rain.
My 5th is in cow, but not in calf.
My 6th is in snicker, but not in laugh.
My 7th is in laughter, but not in frown.
My whole is a General of modern renown.

Cuyahoga, Co., Ohio. RUBY STEWART.

DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find two integral square numbers, the sum of whose reciprocals shall be a cube. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two sides of a plane triangle measure 40 and 60 rods, respectively. Required—the third side, when the inscribed square, standing on the third side, is a maximum? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I observed two sticks of timber, 34 and 50 feet long respectively, standing on a level plain. The feet of them are 50 feet apart and the tops just meet. Required—The perpendicular height where they meet; and also the distance from the foot of the shorter of the two sticks to where a perpendicular let fall from the place where they meet strikes said plain?

Huntsburgh. S. S

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two persons start from the same point; one goes due North 30 miles, the other due East 40 miles. Required—to find the area of a circle that will pass through the extremities of the two distances? WM. ASKEY.

Rock Grove, Illinois.

CONUNDRUMS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When is a Baker like a hungry man? Ans.—When he kneads his bread.

☞ Why was Samson the greatest scold that ever lived? Ans.—Because he jawed one thousand Philistines to death. A. B.

☞ Why are military officers the most unlucky of men? Ans.—Because they are always in some *mess* or another.

☞ If you were to lose your nose, what kind of one would you get? Ans.—The first that turned up.

☞ When is a man least likely to pursue a straight course? Ans.—When he forsakes the *line* of duty to follow the *beat* of his own fancy.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Richard Montgomery. CHARADE.—Chickasaw. CHARADE.—Wakefield.

Answer to BIBLICAL ENIGMA, published August 23rd.—Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not." IMOGEN A. BARR.

Tonica, Illinois.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. D. Young, published May 31st.—$851.383029.

Answer to PROBLEM by S. W. W., published August 2nd.—4140 hills, preserving the square; otherwise, 4165.

Answer to PROBLEM by William P. Cosey, published August 16th.—220.31587335 feet, and 2.73150873 seconds, providing the squirrel falls 16 1-12 feet the first second.

Answer to PROBLEM by Reuben Martin, published June 21st.—Number of rails, 7482.459456, number of acres, 51.961534.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, published June 7th.—A travelled 15707.96 miles. B travelled 21991.144 miles. They are, when nearest together, 1445.481 miles apart.

Answer to PROBLEM by Delta, published September 13th.—304 4-9 miles, 11 4-9 days.

All the above answers by Francis W. Hibbard, Barnesville, Belmont County, Ohio. The last also answered by R. Vasey, Illinois; Emeline Richardson, Illinois; and E. Hagerty, Baltimore.